THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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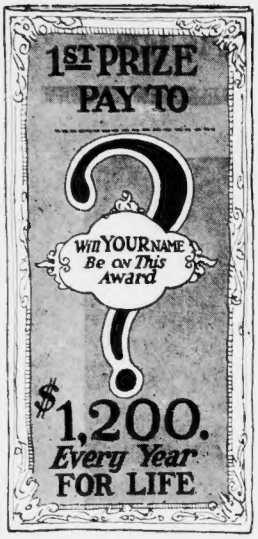
Sunday, Jan. 16, 1938

Industrial Life by DALI

HALF HUMAN, half-machine is how Salvador Dali, noted surrealist artist, sees Industrial Life of the future. In this fantastic drawing he visualizes the human element in industry becoming a mechanical part of the huge machine. Science, he believes, will invent a huge brain glowing with nerve centers, sending out orders and creating energy and fuel for the machines. This energy goes to the dynamos through pipe lines, resembling human arteries. The smoke from the chimney symbolizes utilized energy. But the figures on the roof are being killed by the monster's germs and the figure skipping rope shows how futile Industrial Life of the future may become.

$1,200 a YEAR as LONG as YOU LIVE



A Check for $100 a Month for the Rest of Your Life

THAT'S A PRIZE WORTH WORKING FOR!

Start Right Now to Qualify in

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

Reader Test Competition

"WHAT INTERESTS YOU—AND WHY?"

Here Are the Wonderful Prizes You Can Win With Your Answer

1st PRIZE....$1,200 a year for life, payable $100 a month
2nd PRIZE.....$600 a year for life, payable $50 a month

3rd PRIZE.....$3,000 in cash	**6th to 25th PRIZES..$50 each**
4th PRIZE.....$2,000 in cash	**26th to 65th PRIZES..$25 each**
5th PRIZE.....$1,000 in cash	**66th to 100th PRIZES..$10 each**

The American Weekly Reader Contest Is Now Three Weeks Old

Have You Entered to Win One of the Wonderful Prizes That Are Offered?

IF you missed the first two weeks you still have the opportunity to get in. It only is necessary to send in two coupons and two selections of your reading preferences. You can complete an entirely perfect entry into the contest by confining your selection to this issue of The American Weekly and the last issue, that of Sunday, January 30. The coupon from the January 30 issue is vital to a complete entry so don't fail to fill in that one and mail it with your selections of preferred articles.

If you want three chances at the prizes you will send in coupons from this issue, next Sunday and the last Sunday.

You can even have five chances at the prizes if you want them. To enable you to have that many, Coupon No. 1 and Coupon No. 2 are reprinted on this page. If you have saved your copies of The American Weekly for the first and second weeks or will take the trouble to go where you can find them to read and make your selection of your preferred articles, you still can have those five chances.

Three chances for the great prizes are better than two and five chances (the maximum) are best of all.

Read the rules of the Reader Test Competition printed on this page. Read them very carefully and follow the instructions in order to have a perfect entry.

You couldn't have a more pleasant time than entering The American Weekly's Reader Test. The first thing you have to do is to read The American Weekly magazine. Read it carefully. Make up your mind which articles interested you most. Write down the headings of the articles you select, number them first, second and third choice and then write the editor a note of 50 words or less telling him your reason for your selection of your "First Choice" story.

Next Sunday you will want to do this again. You will have found The American Weekly so absorbingly interesting that you will start reading it almost without thinking of the prize that may be won.

But don't neglect again to make your selections of the three preferred articles and again tell the editor why you rated your first choice article as you placed it.

The judges will select one single contribution covering one American Weekly issue for each prize. But if you only put the minimum amount of effort in your try for the prizes you will be limited to just two chances for the great prizes. While your neighbor who is also competing and who sends in his selections from all five January issues of The American Weekly will be rewarded with five separate chances to win the awards.

A board of judges will assist the editor in picking out the best and most interesting responses received from the readers of The American Weekly.

Think of the good fortune that awaits the person whose contribution is awarded first prize by the judges:—A living income for life. An annuity policy from one of the great life insurance companies. The company's policy will agree to pay you $1,200 a year for life. The policy will guarantee you a check for $100 a month—every month—an assured future free from want for the winner for his or her whole life.

Then there is the second prize. And here, too, the winner receives a life income—payable in the same way as the grand prize and as long as you live, and enough to keep you in modest comfort. The second prize is $600 a year for life—monthly checks from a big insurance company each for $50 as long as you live.

In addition there are big cash prizes of $3,000, $2,000 and $1,000, and many smaller prizes.

Remember, there is only one "MUST DO" item in this Reader Test. You must make one of your entries on the final January 30 issue of The American Weekly and completely fill in and answer the questions asked in Entry Coupon No. 3. This is the questionnaire coupon mentioned in the rules.

Rules for The American Weekly Reader Contest "What Interests You—and Why?"

1—All competitors must read The American Weekly during the competition period which comprises the five successive Sunday issues of January, 1938, and select the three articles, items or features, all in the same issue, which make the greatest appeal to their interest.

2—Each competitor must rate his selections "First choice, Second choice, and Third choice," in the order of his personal preference and state why he makes his "First choice" selection.

3—Each explanation of preference rating must be set forth in not to exceed 50 words.

4—Clip the entry coupon and fill in the blank spaces as indicated. You must send in one of these coupons for each issue on which you compete. You need not actually clip the coupon from this issue—you may make a facsimile or copy of it and fill in as required in the printed coupon.

5—All competitors must send in at least two sets of selections from two separate American Weekly issues and one of these sets must include the selections from The American Weekly of January 30th, the last week of the Reader Test. If only two sets are sent in you have only two chances for the prizes. If all five sets are sent in you have five separate chances for the prizes.

6—The prizes will be awarded on the merits of one entry covering your selection from one week's issue only, but all candidates can have five entries and therefore five chances to win a prize, by sending in one coupon and one set of selections with reason therefor, for each Sunday issue of The American Weekly during the contest period.

7—Hold your entry coupon and your selections of 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices of features with your explanation for your first choice until the end of the competition.

8—With the fifth and last Sunday of January issues of The American Weekly there will be printed a questionnaire coupon. This must be completely filled in and answered to perfect your entry in the Reader Test for these prizes. You need not clip this questionnaire from The American Weekly. You may copy it from The American Weekly and fill in the answers on your own copy. But your entry will not be considered unless the filled-in questionnaire and your selections from the last American Weekly Reader Test issue are sent to the editor.

9—A complete and valid entry in the Reader Test requires at least two sets of your selections, each set attached to the entry coupon from that issue of The American Weekly. One of these coupons must be the questionnaire coupon which is numbered "Entry Coupon No. 3" and which will appear in the January 30th issue of The American Weekly. All entries must be submitted complete in one mailing.

10—All entries must be mailed to "Reader Test Department, American Weekly," 316 West 57th Street, New York City. All entries must be received by noon on Wednesday, February 23, 1938.

11—It is not necessary to purchase the newspaper distributing The American Weekly as its magazine section in order to compete for the prizes. The magazine section may be examined at any of the distributing newspaper publication offices or at public libraries where such newspapers are available, free of any charge whatsoever, and the entry coupon and the questionnaire may be copied therefrom, and those copies used instead of the original printed in The American Weekly.

12—The Editor of the American Weekly magazine section will appoint a board of judges who will pass on the merits of each contender's selections and his reasons for his "First choice" selections, and the judges will designate that entry which they consider best of all those submitted. The person who submitted the entry so adjudged the best will be awarded the first prize. The second selection of the judges will be awarded the second prize, and so on until all the prizes have been awarded. The decision of the judges on the prize winners shall be final and irrevocable and every contender in this Reader Test accepts this condition by the act of entry.

13—In case the judges decide that contributions of any of the contenders for any of the prizes are of equal merit, thus constituting a tie for any of the prizes, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.

14—Employes of the newspapers distributing The American Weekly as their magazine sections or of The American Weekly, or members of their families, shall not be qualified as contestants.

☞ AND NOTE THIS WARNING—*Hold each week's entry, the coupon of that week with your selections and reason therefor attached to it until the end of the Reader Test. Then in one single mailing send all your selections to the Editor, addressed "Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y."*

Entry Coupon No. 1

AMERICAN WEEKLY READER TEST
"WHAT INTERESTS YOU—AND WHY?"

Print Your Name.....
Print Your Address.....
City .....
County ..... State.....
I Was Born.....Day .....Month .....Year.....
Sign Your Name Here.....

Attach this coupon to your Reader Test selections from this issue. DO NOT MAIL IT NOW—Hold it until the close of the Reader Test after the last January issue of The American Weekly is published, then mail to: Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York.

2

Entry Coupon No. 2

AMERICAN WEEKLY READER TEST
"WHAT INTERESTS YOU—AND WHY?"

Print Your Name.....
Print Your Address.....
City .....
County ..... State.....
Sign Your Name Here.....

Attach this coupon to your Reader Test selections from this issue and at the close of the Reader Test after the last January issue of The American Weekly is published, mail to: Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York.

Entry Coupon No. 3

AMERICAN WEEKLY READER TEST
"WHAT INTERESTS YOU—AND WHY?"

Print Your Name.....
Print Your Address.....
City .....
County ..... State.....
Sign Your Name Here.....

Attach this coupon to your Reader Test selections from this issue and at the close of the Reader Test after the last January issue of The American Weekly is published, mail to: Reader Test Department, American Weekly, 316 West 57th Street, New York.

"You Give Me Back My Toys!" Cried Lord Kingsborough

The Noble Heir to an English Earldom, Tired After Six Years of His Manikin Playmate, Turns Her Out and Sues Her for the Tin Soldiers, Picture Books and Little Trains With Which They Played Together

The Innocent Little Toys, Miniature Trains, Tin Soldiers and Cannon Over Which Lord Kingsborough and Adele Spent So Many Happy Hours Were All That She Had Left for Souvenirs, but Now She Has Been Legally Deprived of Them—as Well as the Price She Sold Them For.

LONDON, Jan. 7

NOBODY is surprised at a fight in the kindergarten when a little boy tells his little girl friend that he doesn't like her anymore and she tells him just for that he can't have his toys back.

But who would have expected that exactly the same thing would happen in mature and noble life?

Lord Robert Henry Ethelbert, Viscount Kingsborough, is a future Earl, 29 years old, six feet tall and a Lieutenant of Horse Dragoons, yet he sued his playmate, Adele Royle, 24 years old, for $20 worth of tin soldiers, toy cannon, toy railways, picture books and other playthings with which the two had played together happily for six years in a little apartment at fashionable Wyndham Court, London, for which his Lordship paid the rent.

His Lordship won his case and when the judge ordered Adele to give his playthings back to Robert Henry Ethelbert she burst into angry tears.

The fight consisted of three separate rounds in court. The first was the conventional breach-of-promise suit which grown-up girl playmates usually bring against grown-up boy playmates when they grow tired of playing and paying. But at the last moment she withdrew the action, explaining that some one had stolen all the letters in which the Viscount was alleged to have promised to marry her. Lacking these promissory notes she hadn't much of a case and dropped it.

A few months later the playmates were back in court, this time on his Lordship's invitation. He asked the court to make her give him back the following list of playthings:

Six or seven miniature locomotives.
Four miniature carriages and a quantity of rail tracks.
One electric current control box.
One storage battery.
A quantity of wood and carpentry tools.
A quantity of model soldiers and model guns.
A volume of sea monsters.
A volume of famous wrecks.
Seven volumes of Naval History of the Great War.
Three volumes by Traffel.

Tall, stately and wearing her clothes like a Duchess of the movies, Adele's entrance lighted up the gloomy atmosphere of old Bloomsbury County Court and soon the story began to come out. As smugly as possible, Attorney Cecil B. Havers for the Viscount sketched it first, informing the court that Lord Kingsborough had met Miss Royle in 1929.

Some fifty shop girls among the spectators wished he had said who she was and how she managed to meet a member of the nobility. In 1930 the Viscount had leased an apartment at fashionable Wyndham Court, Hallam Street, installed Miss Royle there, bought furniture, paid the rent and all expenses.

He had brought certain personal belongings to the flat including these toys he wanted back. The association of the two had been happy until April, 1936 when they became no longer congenial. So he had terminated the arrangement, but given her the furniture and continued to pay the rent until June. That seemed to be all there was to it, except that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" wants his playthings.

On the witness stand Lord Kingsborough confirmed his attorney's statements and added that he had made some of the toys himself. Then Attorney J. Bodilly took the witness in hand and tried to make the account more interesting.

"Soon after you met the defendant, you fell very much in love with her?" he asked.

"I would not say that," replied the Viscount thoughtfully, "but I liked her very much."

"You acquired this flat so that Miss Royle could live there and you could visit her."

"Yes," said the witness.

"And all that time you made the defendant believe that you were going to marry her?"

The noble plaintiff was saying "no" when Judge Hill Kelly interposed. "That," he told counsel, "does not seem to touch the question I have before me. You must not introduce it."

A disappointed sigh arose from the girls who would have liked to reverse the judge's ruling. Asked if he had told Miss Royle that everything in the flat was hers, the Viscount made the peculiar answer:

"Not in my mind."

Fiction writers and poets have tried to imagine how one of the higher nobility, a Peer of the Realm, would behave with his secret, morganatic sweetheart in the privacy of their love nest and now the courtroom heard the astonishing reality. Apparently they spent six years, like little children on the floor, shooting toy cannons at tin soldiers and running electric trains.

And after six years of this the Lord had lost all interest in Miss Royle, the good-looking, flesh-and-blood toy, and never wanted to play with her again. Yet the cold, mechanical ones, the soldiers, the cannon, the toy trains and the picture books which he had gazed at a thousand times, still fascinated him so much that he was in court fighting her to get them back. But who was this woman who even when scorned carried herself like a Queen?

Miss Royle brought it out herself. She was a dressmaker's manikin who had been earning $50 a week, a job she had given up in the expectation of marrying.

But every time she started to tell about that, the judge shut her off. All evidence that the Lord had not done right by his manikin belonged in that heart-balm suit she had dropped and did not prove who was the rightful owner of the playthings.

Adele, however, was permitted to state that all the time she lived in that flat she was very much in love with Lord Kingsborough, but the judge cautioned her to make that part of the case as brief as possible. It seems that the toys were the last straw which forced her to start that ill-fated suit. She had not taken any legal action until one of the Viscount's lawyers wrote that his client would give her 50 pounds in settlement if she would turn over the playthings.

On receipt of this she wrote Lord Robert as follows:

"Dear Bobby,

"I cannot believe it possible that you intended to treat me in this disgraceful way. Your friend, Mr. Chesterton, has written to me about the flat at Hallam Street and has the audacity to offer me 50 pounds in settlement of all claims.

I am distracted and at my wits' ends when I think that you now treat me as none of my correspondence after your many promises to marry me.

"Unless you have the decency to see me at once so that I know what you intend to do, I shall take steps to obtain satisfaction for all the suffering you have caused me. I am beginning to realize that your promises to marry me were never intended to be kept. My mother insists that I go to a lawyer and place the whole matter before him and show up your disgraceful conduct.—Delia."

But the Viscount seems not to have cared a whoop about breach-of-promise revelations or anything else but those toys. Had she threatened to destroy them, it might have brought the noble Lord trembling to his knees.

The scorned manikin's lawyer, addressing the court, argued that the suit was disgraceful in the circumstances and never should have been brought against anyone in the position of Miss Royle. Not only had the Viscount lived with her all that time but when he had discarded her, she had shown her belief that they were to have been married by her bringing the breach-of-promise suit. On top of her being unable to carry that suit through he had added insult to injury by bringing the present suit to deprive her of the only souvenirs she had left, the innocent toys.

But the judge resisted all such emotional appeals. His task was to decide just one thing, to which of these two grown-up children did this set of books and playthings belong. The nobleman had paid for or made them and they were boys' toys. Therefore the judge ordered the girl to surrender them.

Adele Royle, the Attractive Manikin Who Kept the Toys—Then Sold Them.

Lord Robert Henry Ethelbert, Viscount Kingsborough, Who Is Again in Possession of All Legal Rights to His Playthings.

Adele Cheerfully Chatting Just Before the Judge Ruled Lord Kingsborough Was Entitled to His Toys.

Thereupon Adele announced that she could not do this because at a time when she was homeless and penniless she had paid him five pounds. A mere $25.

Confronted with the unanswerable argument the court ordered her within seven days to pay Lord Kingsborough the amount he had originally paid for them, $250. At this Adele's agitation knew no bounds, but His Lordship was not happy either. He did not want the money.

Though both were amused that a set of toys could be valued at such a price, they were really awed by his Lordship. Therefore both playmates were brought into Westminster Court where the manikin made the following statement:

"From November, 1930 until to April, 1936, I lived with Viscount Kingsborough as his wife at Wyndham Court. Viscount Kingsborough left me on April 10, 1936, and did not live with me. He paid the rent of the flat up to June 20, when I left the flat. About June 20, 1936, he authorized me to instruct the plaintiffs to collect and deliver the furniture at White House and make certain renovations."

These calm words were in the form of a written statement, prepared in advance. But when questioned in court, with resentful eyes on her noble playmate, it was another matter. She testified that after a quarrel he told her he would arrange for her removal to another flat and be responsible for transfer, storage and everything. Glaring at the Viscount she cried:

"He told me to clear out and he stole my letters."

Asked if Lord Kingsborough had made any comment about the missing letters, she replied:

"He said, 'You're sunk, aren't you?'"

Lord Kingsborough denied that he had ended the association at that date because of motives of thrift. It was a thought that had come to him while meditating on Good Friday and seemed like a good idea. Asked if he had lived with her all those years, the Viscount replied in a bored voice:

"Oh, yes."

At this Adele let go a scream.

"I'm sorry but it is all so difficult."

The Viscount denied that he had authorized Miss Royle to incur any expenses and again she had nothing to corroborate her statements to the contrary. Judgment was given to Maples against the manikin and at the bar she blew up again. Pointing at her old playmate she sobbed:

"You are a scoundrel. You know you are and I will tell you."

His Lordship made no reply but gazed steadfastly at the ceiling.

Maples, representative, went out looking as if he had faith both of collecting that judgment in this world.

Some day Lord Robert will inherit his father's titles as Earl of Kingston, Viscount Lorton, Baron Kingston and Baron Kross of Boyle, all in Ireland, where the family won a Peerage for military valor in Queen Anne's time.

Lord Kingsborough in an interview after the court sessions explained why he had brought the suit. "Some people," he said, "must be thinking I am a child to go into court for a lot of toys. But, except for the soldiers and miniature guns, which I bought for a nephew, they are not toys.

"Miniature railroads have been my hobby for years. Lots of well-known people run them. Sir Henry Segrave was one. Jack Hulbert is another.

"Miss Royal used to enjoy watching the train in action. When it came to making carriages she was not so keen. I would often get into trouble for working on them instead of taking her to the movies.

"Right up to the time I went on the stand today I believed that the railroad was in storage. I would not have sued for its return if I had known it had been sold.

"It was not the money I wanted. Fifty pounds is neither here nor there. I had made most of the coaches myself, and the engine, an electric one, had been specially made for me.

"Then there were all the tools for making the coaches—special tools for working in miniature. With them I could run up a coach in a fortnight. In fact, experts have congratulated me on some of the coaches I have made. It is curious what a fascination model railroads have for some men."

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Starred in the Caveman Fashion Show

PARIS, London and New York put on elaborate fashion shows every year, just to tell the world what's new in furs. Buyers flock to these cities to sit in comfortable salons while pretty manikins parade before them in creations of ermine and sable and mink. Batteries of news photographers and movie cameramen are on hand to snap and grind pictures that find their way to magazines, the newspapers and the newsreels.

The fashion czars, who know their furs and their manikins, not to mention the buyers, never saw the smiling young woman in the photograph at the right and most of them never heard of Shevlin, Oregon, where she recently starred in a display of fur fashions. The show was a good one, despite the lack of fanfare attending it, and the furs were trapped and tanned right in the neighborhood. They are the pelts of prairie wolves.

If the star of the show—Miss Helen Skjerrasa—had been in the salons of Paris with her cavewoman ensemble, she would have made as much of a hit as she did in Shevlin and probably would have done a lot to make the buyers of furs considerable "more wolf-conscious" than they are at the moment.

Several other comely young women in the vicinity took part in the fashion show, too, and fetchingly draped the pelts of wolves around their necks. They looked as smart, in their way, as the celebrated manikins of the French capital in exotic creations that only those people with handsome balances in their check books can afford to buy.

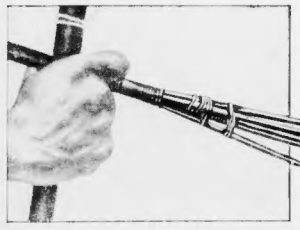
The prairie wolves of Oregon are good-sized "critters" that grow thick coats to stand the rigors of a Winter in the Northwest. Most of them are beautifully marked, too, and make luxurious neck-pieces and coats. Hunters go after them with rifle and trap and are doing something for themselves and the community when they catch the dog-like beasts. When the pelts are alive and on the loose, farmers lose a lot of sheep and chickens.

Year by year the Oregon fur show is attracting more attention and such pictures as the one on this page are doing nothing to discourage interest in the event.

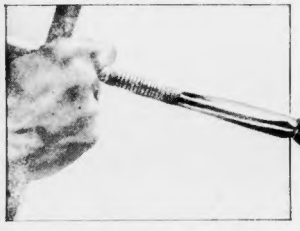
The pelt in the picture is an unusually big one. It once covered one of the greatest sheep killers and chicken thieves in the Northwest. For years trappers and hunters tried to put an end to the beast's marauding, but he was too smart.

A Djuka Tribesman Shooting a Fish.

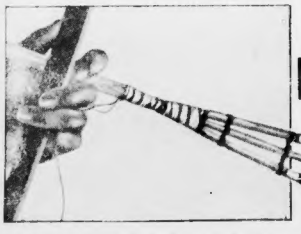
A Pointed Arrow Used in the Dutch Guiana Jungles for Killing Jaguars and Other Big Game.



The "Shotgun" Arrow of the Djukas, Which Brings Down Birds on the Wing With Its Many Barbs.



The "No-Kill" Arrow. Its Blunt Tip Only Stuns the Prey, Which Lives Until Wanted.



This Harpoon Arrow, Like the One in the Big Picture at the Top, Is Used for Fishing.

Strange Weapons of the Jungle

THE DJUKAS of the jungles of Dutch Guiana seem to have developed the bow and arrow to its greatest possibilities. Not only are these Negroes, descendants of African slaves who escaped before they ever arrived in the North American colonies, very adept with the bow, they have a dozen different kind of arrows, for as many different uses.

The picture at the top of the page shows a lucky-haired Djuka tribesman about to shoot a fish. The four other photographs are close-ups of a few of the different kinds of arrows these semi-savages use, each one for a different purpose.

At the top is a poison arrow, coated with black "curari," a deadly potion that means sure death if the arrow so much as scratches the skin of a head of prey. The Djukas use these only when they are stalking big game, like the tapir or the more dangerous jaguar.

Next below is a "shotgun" arrow with half a dozen points. It is used for birds on the wing because it does not require the accuracy of a single-barbed arrow. It covers more area, and if only one of its points hits it brings down its prey.

The third arrow is for "no-kill," which only stuns the prey.

The picture at the bottom is a fish-harpoon and no target family lot with it, either.

Found the Perfect Boy in a New York City Schoolroom

FOR nine long months a hundred talent scouts scoured the country in search of just the right boy to play Mark Twain's immortal Tom Sawyer in the movies. They haunted playgrounds, beaches, country lanes and city streets. All together they looked over 25,000 prospects.

And then one day [illegible] Gear, acting boss of the scouts for Selznick International Pictures, knocked on the door of a room in 20 Raymond's school, in New York City's crowded Bronx. A smiling, freckled-faced boy opened the door, and from that moment amazing things began to happen for the Michael Kellys 12-year-old son Tommy.

Bright and early the next morning he was in a Long Island movie studio. He was reading words from a piece of paper, and while he read bright lights shone on him and cameras clicked. A few days later Tommy's father, who was having a hard time of it keeping himself, his wife and five children on the small pay of a WPA job, boarded the Twentieth Century with a somewhat bewildered Tommy—and sped to Hollywood.

For two months Tommy, who never had thought of being an actor, lived in a dream. A private nurse looked after his health. A voice coach taught him how to talk. Make-up men did things to his smiling, boyish face. And it seemed he was always doing things in front of a camera. His father got a job as a studio guard.

And then came the big day. Tommy was called into an office. A smiling man was sitting behind a desk. The room was full of excited people. The man at the desk put his hands on Tommy's shoulders and said, "Tom Sawyer has been found."

The whole Kelly family hopped a train for California. They stood behind Tommy when he put his name to a contract that mentioned money in figures unbelievable amounts. They took a bungalow in Beverly Hills, the home of many a world-famous movie star. And freckle-faced Tommy, whose highest ambition had been to have a bicycle and play second base on the school baseball team, went to work on a job that will carry his name all over the world and, with a little luck, will make him a millionaire some day.

Twelve-Year-Old Tommy Kelly, Who Was Picked From a School in the Crowded Bronx, of New York City, to Play the Part of Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer.

No Parisian Manikin Ever Wore a Fur More Fetchingly Than This Pretty Oregonian Covering Her Charms With the Pelt of a Prairie Wolf.

All-Methodist Church

IT'S COMMON knowledge that church congregations, in many places have been shrinking in size like a pair of cotton pants, but at Donegal in the Irish Free State, is perhaps the last straw in dwindling church attendance.

The Glenmore Protestant Church has only one worshipper who attends its services. This parishioner is a local hotel keeper who listens gratuitously to the preachings of the Reverend Mr. J. Williams once a year.

This remarkable state of affairs is fortunate, for the church could hardly stand the strain of being used often or by many people. Because it is practically in ruins. The annual service is held to keep the church on the map, because without it, the property would be taken over for taxes.

Irish church property is free of taxes only if it's used for worship. The minister is praying for better days.

Schools for Boys and Girls Over 70

IN THIS day of popular education, there seems to be a growing thirst for knowledge among all sorts of people. Even the old folks are catching the bug for more schooling and, in Oklahoma City, a "School of Maturates" has nearly a thousand pupils. The youngest "boy" in the school is 70 years old.

Its founder and president is scholarly Dr. W. A. McKeever, who has many degrees after his name than a bowl of alphabet soup. In his snappy school for the aged, the main theme of study is the occupation of living. Dr. McKeever believes the trouble with old-timers is their belief they are "on the shelf" and waiting for death.

He makes them stop grumbling about things and they aren't even permitted to talk about their old age or what ails them.

A smart thing he tells them is to outlive the maturing date of their insurance policies so they can collect instead of dying and letting others profit.

He advises those who have no mate to find one, even though they've passed "three score and ten," and to get out-of-the-urges likes to eat three sensible meals a day, but only of non-acid foods.

"You'd be surprised how they perk up when you get all the acidity out of them," he says. He hauls a hay to all the sheep a person over 70 needs, according to the head of the unusual school.

One might ask what they should do with so much time on their hands. They're expected to have so many interests that they need all the time they can find. For example, they must keep many friends, read up on current events, and take plenty of mild exercise.

"I have a boy 97," says Dr. McKeever, "who swings 10-pound dumbbells ten minutes a day and takes a three-mile walk. I have a girl past 80 who sings and another in the 90's who is a good artist." One 80-year-old student runs a goat farm. And he "just got a 103-year-old boy" who worked a farm and did his own plowing.

A Close-Up of Lucky Tommy Kelly, the Open-Faced City Boy Who Won Fame and Fortune for Himself When He Was Selected From 25,000 Applicants for the Movie Role of Tom Sawyer.

Fighting Frost With Electricity

LIVERPOOL, England, has a non-freezing athletic field which is expected to be the model for such places all over the world, at least in countries where the thermometer drops below the freezing point.

Beneath its surface, on which many a football player and cricketer has suffered painful injuries in the Fall and Winter, a network of wires is laid, nine inches under ground. This invisible grille is hooked up with one of the city's power plants. When a switch is thrown the wires get hot, thaw out the ground and keep the field as soft and safe as it would be in midsummer.

The clever idea, conceived and successfully tried out by an electrical engineer, has saved many a sporting event for promoters and fans.

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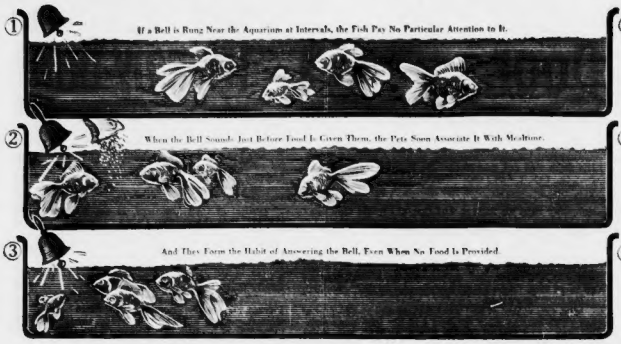
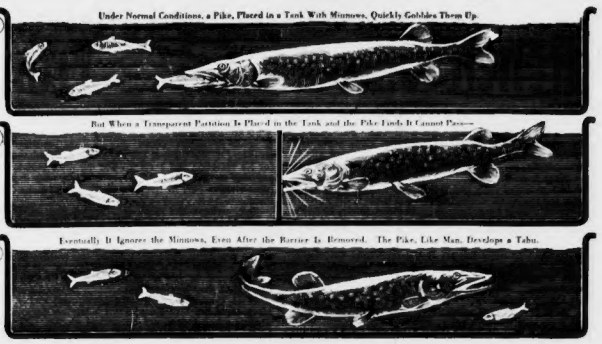
Do Fish Think Like Human Beings?


1
If a Bell is Rung Near the Aquarium at Intervals, the Fish Pay No Particular Attention to It.
2
When the Bell Sounds Just Before Food Is Given Them, the Pets Soon Associate It With Mealtime.
3
And They Form the Habit of Answering the Bell, Even When No Food Is Provided.


1
Under Normal Conditions, a Pike, Placed in a Tank With Minnows, Quickly Gobbles Them Up.
2
But When a Transparent Partition Is Placed in the Tank and the Pike Finds It Cannot Pass—
3
Eventually It Ignores the Minnows, Even After the Barrier Is Removed. The Pike, Like Man, Develops a Tabu.

Professor Gray, of Cambridge University, Finds Their Brains Cruder Than Man's in Many Ways, but Superior in Many Others

Through Trackless Forests and Uncharted Mountains and Over Unexplored Plains, the Early Pioneers Found Their Way by Using the Gift of a Sense of Direction, a Mental Development That Apparently Is Shared by the Eel Which Unfailingly Finds Its Way to the Sargasso Sea to Lay Its Eggs, and by the Salmon, Which Actually Swims Up and Over Waterfalls to Spawn in the Very Waters Where It Was Hatched.

LONDON, Jan. 10.

DO FISH think like us?

Dr. James Gray, Professor of Zoology at Cambridge University, believes that fishes' brains contain the necessary equipment for all mankind's principal mental processes. The mental machinery is crude, and in many lines of what might be called thought, the fish brain cannot go as far as does the human one, although in all its essential parts it is the same as that of man.

On the other hand, Professor Gray points out that in brains the superiority is by no means all on one side, because fish show evidence of doing something which, in a man, is considered high grade and trained thinking. Salmon carry it far beyond man's best attempts. Eels go so far beyond the salmon's accomplishment that man cannot even imagine how it is done and hates to admit that it is a mental process—yet what else can it be?

To begin with, Professor Gray admits that in their idle moments and, in fact, most of the time, fish certainly are not engaged in thinking. But then, it has been said that many people go through life guided by signs, habits and imitating the behavior of others but rarely thinking, too.

Most everyday thinking is little more than association of ideas such as, "I hear a bell that means I'd better head for the dining room." To go through this simple bit of reasoning it is necessary for a person to have discovered and remembered that this sound is usually followed by the presence of food in a certain place.

If this is thinking then fish think, as experiments have often proved. If a bell is rung at odd intervals in a room containing an aquarium, the fish ignore it as an irrelevant sound. But if the irregular ringing is stopped and the bell sounded only a few seconds before food is placed in the feeding tray, it is not many days before first one fish and then others start heading for the tray at the first tinkle. Professor Gray sees no important difference in what is going on in the head of a man and a fish when they answer the dinner bell.

Of course, no fish can undertake the reasoning processes of Professor Einstein or the late Thomas A. Edison, but then neither can the average man in the street. Man's ability to think is indicated quite as often by his ingenious blunders as by his successes. For instance it has often been asserted that the stupidities of superstition are possible only to the human mind. No animal has sufficient intelligence to invent such fantastic mistakes.

Among savage tribes it is common for certain places to be tabu, that is supposed to be surrounded by some sort of magic which will kill anyone who sets foot there. Animals, not being able to understand the tabu, violate it with impunity.

But if believing in such a delusion is a sign of thinking, even though wrong thinking, then fish have that power. It is quite easy to establish a tabu in the mind of such a sensible, serious-minded fish as the pike, and Professor Gray tells how this can be done. In his recent lecture at Nottingham, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he said:

"A pike and a minnow were placed in one tank—the pike saw the minnow, darted at it and ate it. The tank was then divided by a clear glass partition and another minnow was placed on the far side of the partition. The pike cannot at the minnow and bumped his head against the glass. After many such experiences the pike gave up dashing at the minnow. The glass partition was then removed and still the pike did not go for the minnow."

The pike did not call it a tabu or magic because only man thinks in words. Nevertheless it had reasoned out a false philosophy that one must not chase minnows because all one gets for his pains is a mysterious bump on the nose. Savages hold certain animals sacred—that is not to be killed—because in the forgotten past an earthquake, flood or other disaster happened just as they were hunting or feasting on that animal. To the pike the minnow was in that class.

Memory is an essential ingredient of thought and great geniuses are usually noted for prodigious memories, at least in their specialties. One of the most impressive mental processes based on memory is the ability of guides, trappers, timber cruisers and some explorers to march for days through a pathless wilderness and find their way back unerringly by remembering a thousand landmarks and making a mental map as they go. It is a feat of the mind which always commands high respect.

The men who do this can always see some distance ahead, even in the depths of the thickest forest and many times rely on distant mountain peaks which they can glimpse frequently, as landmarks. Also, they are careful not to travel after dark. The performance of the salmon puts the highest human achievements in this line to shame as proved by several years' tests just completed by the Biological Board of Canada.

As is generally known, the salmon run up the rivers and tributaries to the upper reaches where they spawn, after which most of them die. The eggs, thus laid, then hatch out into baby salmon—called smolts—which slowly descend the rivers and disappear in the ocean. After two to three years they return as full-grown salmon to repeat the ascent made by their parents.

It is no mystery and requires no thought for a young fish to follow the current of a small stream into a bigger one and finally to the salt water. But where do they go in the ocean and how do they find their way back? That might be easy if they did not stray too far from the river mouth, or no matter how far they wandered if they were content to ascend the nearest river when the mating urge grips them.

There was already strong evidence that the salmon returns to the river of its birth and now the Biological Board has proved it for all time. The Frazer River flows into the Pacific Ocean, a few miles South of the City of Vancouver and about 80 miles up the river is a tributary, the Cultus River, with its source in Cultus Lake. Professor Gray relates how the experiments were conducted, as follows:

"Across the Cultus River was built a special type of dam and in the dam were built fish traps. During the summer months the smolts are migrating downstream to the sea and, as they go, they are all trapped at the dam and caught in special cages. Here a group of workers stamp small but distinctive holes in the fins with punches, not unlike those of a ticket collector. The fish are not injured in any way and, after being marked, they are liberated below the dam to continue their voyage to the ocean.

"After one, two or three years in the sea, the backward migration begins and it has been possible to trace those marked fish at least 600 miles north of Vancouver, making their way back along the coast past innumerable river mouths, into the mouth of the Frazer, up the Cultus River and into the adult fish traps on the dam where every fish is examined.

"The results of these experiments are very striking. In the first place, no unmarked adult salmon has been taken in the traps on the Cultus dam, every fish entering the Cultus River started life in that river as a smolt. Secondly, in spite of quite substantial rewards offered for marked fish captured in other tributary waters of the Frazer, no authentic stragglers have ever been found.

"These results force us, I think, to conclude that the Pacific salmon is able to retrace its path for many hundreds of miles and reach with what can only be called unerring instinct the river of its childhood. How can we explain this feat of navigation?" Has the salmon a sense of direction or does he keep near the bottom, carefully recording the landmarks as he goes, and so is able to retrace his steps?

"I venture to think that if we were to have carried out comparable experiments on a race of human beings and got similar results, we would have said, They do it as you or I would do it, consciously noting the landmarks, memorizing them, and so retracing their steps.' In fact they are performing a conscious, premeditated, thoughtful and purposive act. Are we to apply the same conclusions to the fish, if not, why not?

What a mental task! A human baby toddles around the corner and gets lost. The baby salmon, nosing his way through the weeds of Cultus Lake, down the Cultus River and through 600 miles of ocean depths, cannot see miles or even hundreds of feet ahead as can the human explorer. It would seem that he must note a landmark on the bottom every few feet and keep doing it for as much as three years and remember it all.

All this is a mere nothing compared to what the eel accomplishes. Father and mother eels from swamps and ponds far up the reaches of rivers on the Atlantic Coast of both continents and even the Mediterranean congregate every year at the bottom of the Sargasso Sea, not far from Florida. There the eggs are laid, but before the baby eels are born the parents must inconsiderately have died. There they are, billions of them, writhing around at the bottom of the black Sargasso deep.

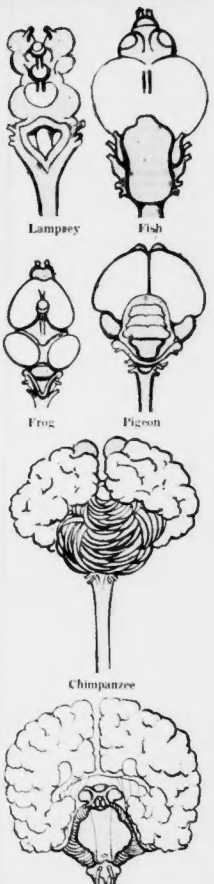
Yet nature expects each one of them to find its way back to the pond or stream where its mother spent her life. Each must know its home address, though this covers not only the American continent into the Arctic Circle but Europe and parts of Africa.

It seems to be the most preposterous demand Nature ever made of a creature. But these orphans without even a stepmother to guide them do it unfailingly year after year. If they didn't, the eel population of Europe and America would not be maintained.

Science cannot make even a plausible guess as to how it is done, except to say that they must be born with a mental map even bigger than the salmon makes for itself. But that is only explaining one miracle by suggesting another. To man, it is as profound a mystery as it would be for the eel to guess how an astronomer is able to foretell an eclipse of the sun. It has the earmarks of some sort of thought but, if so, it must be inherited thought, something hard to imagine.

A fish cannot change its expression and therefore its face gives no clue as to what, if anything, is on the fish's

(Continued on Page 23)



Diagrams Showing the Progressive Evolution of the Brain From That of the Lamprey to the Human Being. At the Top, the Brain of the Lamprey and That of a Fish Are Compared. Below These Are the Brains of a Frog and a Pigeon. Next Is the Brain of a Chimpanzee, and Beneath, the Brain of a Man, Which, at the Base (shaded), Retains a Striking Similarity to the Lamprey Brain.

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Santa Claus—Wanted By The French Police

FOR the eleventh year in succession, Paris police are on the lookout for a Santa Claus who gives generously to the poor. They want to arrest him and put him in jail—for this particular Santa Claus gives to the poor what he takes from the rich.

Not satisfied with the rather grudging coins he gets from the frugal Paris shoppers, he has made it his practice to "coax" money from them by more direct action. In short, he is a thief and pickpocket, except that he takes from those who can evidently afford it, and gives to those who need it most. This good-natured thief, the "Robin Hood of Christmas," as he is known, is not only kind but clever. That is the only explanation for the fact that, year after year, he manages to remain uncaught, and that he brings happiness to hundreds of families in the poorer sections of the French capital.

What is more surprising, either he or a confederate does not stop with sneak-thieving, which is easy enough when one has a benevolent Santa Claus beard and rings a bell for charity in the tightly-packed Christmas crowds. He even robs toy shops at night. Long after the crowds have gone home and the easy pickings are over, he works swiftly at burglary to the dismay of the wealthier shopkeepers.

The venerable old man picks locks like an expert, and apparently he carries a sack just the way everybody expects Santa to do. More than one policeman has let the bearded thief pass, thinking him to be a Kris Kringle going home late. But now the police are warned to capture him without fail, and his task becomes more difficult. The authorities have reason to suspect that in the past some of the gendarmes have closed their eyes to the good Samaritan of the poor and let him get away. In fact, there has been an attitude that any officer who "informed" on the thief was a scoundrel.

But now, as a result of pressure from the business men and commercial interests of Paris, the order has gone out that any man proven to be negligent in his duties in arresting the crooked Santa Claus is to be dropped from the force. Whether this is going to put a crimp in the deeds of this Santa Claus who is at once philanthropic and anti-social, remains to be seen. It is not known whether the fellow is a thief by profession and just uses a good turn at Christmas time to cover up, or whether he is an honest man who goes lawless during the holidays when faced with what he may consider the tight-fistedness of his countrymen and their lack of Yuletide spirit. It may be that he has one or more assistants, or that more than one man in Paris has the same idea of spreading Christmas cheer.

At any rate, the kindly crook who is wanted by the police is to be sought this year not in the commercial districts, but in the neighborhood of the very poor. It has been found in past years that he visits the homes of the neediest, and leaves his presents with them. Now, as it has stances plainly warrant it, some of his stolen money. Many honest people have reported the nocturnal visits by "Santa Claus," but even more of them, it is believed, say nothing and accept their presents in the spirit they were given.

The police have, in the past, been loath to take away the presents from those who received them, and as it has until now literally been a case of "finders, keepers."

The number of children who really believe that Santa Claus himself came to visit them is large. Lucky are the ones who see him enter their homes in his traditional garb through the window or the door. His face shrouded in white, the pleasure of giving, he fills stockings and leaves packages just as a real Santa Claus would.

Then he tiptoes away and drops in on another needy family. Many is the French menage that went to bed in sorrow, the parents knowing that they could give their children nothing, and their children having been warned to expect nothing. What a surprise in the morning, not only for the children but the parents as well, to find that in the night Santa Claus really came and left money and the most expensive kinds of toys. He does not come by way of the chimney, but in every other detail he conforms to tradition.

One miserable charwoman, a typical recipient of his lawless charity, went to bed last Christmas Eve a broken-hearted woman. A widow, she had not a penny even to buy faggots to keep the attic hovel warm. Tubercular, her racking coughs kept waking the four-year-old girl who cried from the cold. The landlady had told the mother brusquely that with the New Year they would have to go, their rent was too long overdue.

But what tears of joy in that shabby place on Christmas morning. For in the night the friend of the poor had called, leaving a treasure-trove of toys for the girl and money for the sick mother. It was a most Christmas for that family—only one of the many "neediest cases" aided by the self-designated Santa Claus of Paris.

The police authorities, however, believe that they are not dealing with a good-natured eccentric who operates only at Christmas time. The lock-picking, they say, is much too professional for a man who only works at it for a week or two a year. So a small army of Paris detectives in various disguises is to be stationed throughout the poorer quarters of the city in the latest effort to capture this bewhiskered Robin Hood. They know they are handicapped by the fact that the poor won't betray him.

But the poor do not think they will be called on to defend or hide him. They are convinced that he is clever enough to elude the smartest gendarmes.

Besides Being a Clever Pickpocket Who Robs the Prosperous to Give to the Poor, the French Santa Claus Loots the Shelves of the Best Toy Stores to Make His Young Friends Happy.

Hanged Her Daughter-In-Law To The Front Door

IT'S an established fact that many women are jealous of their daughters-in-law. Try as a mother may to repress it, she regards her son's wife as a personal rival for his affection and respect. For the most part mothers are able to throttle this jealousy to fit in with the social conventions. But in the long run, they give themselves away.

But perhaps the most cold-blooded and extreme instance of what a mother jealous of her son's wife will do recently occurred in the quiet French village of Douai. The citizens there were whipped into a cold fury which would not quiet down even when the mother was sentenced to death. In a mob they surrounded her when she was returned to jail after her trial, and it was of her death that they muttered.

More than a year ago, the young and spoiled Louis Mory came home to Douai from a trip to England with which he had topped off his college studies. He met a pretty girl named Yvette Godefroy and brought her back with him, determined to marry her. She was not a strong girl shy and reserved.

she had stayed at a Wakefield, England, convent as an exchange student. The monastic-like manner which existed against the world in the convent school, was curiously enough poor as the previous church mouse.

Almost the first glimpse she had of the outside world was a holiday she spent with a Mr. and Mrs. George Shepherd at Leeds, who introduced her to the dashing and wealthy young Frenchman from Douai. They fell in love.

But when Louis brought his fiancee home his family was taken aback. As soon as Yvette was out of earshot the mother began to upbraid her son. She and her husband, said Mme. Joseph-ine Mory, had made every sacrifice so that their son could continue his studies. They sent him abroad. It was their fondest hope that he would marry a wealthy girl and pay back all they had done for him with interest. This poor girl was out of the question.

The mother knew Yvette had no dowry because the girl had foolishly introduced herself as "poor but honest," in an effort to be gay in a gloomy situation.

"What is her family?" demanded the mother. Louis had to admit the girl was an orphan. Then he became indignant. "What does that matter?" he asked. "I love her, and that is all that counts."

His mother laughed bitterly. "So this is what I have sacrificed for all these years," she wailed. Her son tried to reason with her, but it wasn't any use. It just made her more hysterical.

Realizing that an appeal to his sense of duty was not enough, the mother changed her tactics. "It's plain to see that this Yvette, or whatever she calls herself, is a bad woman. She just wants to get your name so that we will have to support her."

At this young Mory flung himself out of the house, too furious to reply. He took his fiancee with him. She was glad to get out, but she felt it was her duty to try to patch it up with his family. She persuaded Louis to go back.

His mother wasted no time, but called in a private detective to watch every move of the girl. Mme. Mory was determined to put something on her. Soon she had in her hands a compliant from the detective to the effect that Yvette was a bad character from Rouen. As soon as it was delivered to her, Mme. Mory triumphantly showed the report to her son, just as she later showed it in court. There was no time to lose. The marriage was scheduled for the following week. So the mother acted fast.

Here, she said, if you think the girl is so pure, read this. I know it all the time. But you were such a fool, blinded by the girl's wiles, that I had to prove it to you."

Louis was astonished at what he read, but cried out that he would not believe it. Then he ran out. He did not confront his fiancee with the alleged facts, being convinced that they were untrue. Instead, to satisfy his mother that the report was false, he took a train to Rouen. His faith was not misplaced. He found on checking up that the report was false. Yvette would be described by somebody as "lively," and the detective would put down "wicked." Certain that such dishonesty would have no sympathy from his mother, and that she would then bless his marriage, he returned with this news.

His mother still insisted he was a victim of Yvette's designs. At last the youth vowed he would have nothing more to do with his mother, and left home. He married Yvette and they set up housekeeping under the most miserable circumstances. A poor job as a clerk was all he could find. Soon Louis' mother was at their doorstep, pretending repentance.

She was taken at her word, but as the weeks passed her visits became more frequent and her tone more domineering. She treated Yvette like a servant, and raged and cursed, threatening her son. In front of Yvette she told him to leave her, called the bride harsh names, and in general made their life a nightmare.

Still Louis believed he could convince his mother of the wisdom of his marriage. Yvette knew it was hopeless, and said so.

"But you yourself urged me to compromise when I knew you first," he snapped. To which she replied that it was before she knew his mother so well.

"Please," he begged, "put up with her a while longer. When she sees she cannot break us up and sees how happy we are, it will all turn out for the best and my family will be reconciled."

He did not realize how unhappy it made Yvette to hear constant insinuations and veiled insults, to be told she was not good enough for her husband, to be offered money she dared not take because it would be thrown up to her later—all this was driving Yvette frantic at a time when it was most important for her to rest.

She was going to have a baby.

When this was made evident to the mother-in-law, her jealousy knew no bounds. "How do you know whose child it is?" she asked her son, until even he had enough of her and told her that the household was to get out.

Instantly she was whining and weeping again. The mother who suffered and bore all, she said, was bound to be treated like a dog, that was to be expected. As so, wretches to relate, she was allowed to come again and again. So make the babes life miserable.

But the worst was to come. A few weeks ago Mory's mother called at the hovel in which Louis and his wife lived on the pretext of bringing some fresh buns. Yvette tried to bar her way but was too weak. Then staring with cruel eyes the mother-in-law told Yvette upon Yvette like a cat and began to strangle the feeble girl. At last the unhappy bride ceased to struggle and fell limp.

Quickly Mme. Mory brought a rope out of the bag of buns. She tied the rope around Yvette's neck and hung her to the back of the front door so that it would look like suicide. Never would Louis' wife know the joys or jealousies of motherhood.

Young Mory came home to find his wife waiting as usual at the door—but this time she was dead, two lives snuffed out by a single act. The coroner's opinion as to the time of death matched the time of Mme. Mory's visit. It was easy to prove that Yvette had been strangled by hands and not by the rope. Mory's mother was brought to court. Her frantic and fantastic self-pity did not help her there in the least and she has been doomed to lose her evil head on the guillotine.

Throughout the trial, the son did not look at his parents. He didn't even look her way when his mother pleaded: "Come, my son, come and kiss me."

When Louis Came Home That Night, He Found His Pretty Young Wife Waiting for Him—an Awkward Corpse Swinging From the Door Where Her Jealous Mother-in-Law Had Hanged Her.

Finds Gorillas Intelligent And Friendly Brutes

IF YOU happen to be in Africa and meet a gorilla, don't shoot. Shake hands with the brute and make friends. His bad reputation for being a ferocious monster is a bit exaggerated. At heart he is a kind fellow, a model husband and a loving father.

This startling conclusion is reached by Captain C. R. S. Pitman, the British zoologist, who studied the family life of gorillas in their homeland, in the Kayonsa region of Uganda, near the Belgian Congo.

In his annual report, published by the Smithsonian Institution, Captain Pitman explodes the myth of terrible gorillas as they are found in adventure and horror stories. He explains that a male gorilla, seldom a female, becomes a fierce fighter only when he is attacked by men and his family is endangered.

"The male gorilla, as the family head," writes Captain Pitman, "is most solicitous for the welfare of his wives and children—a very human trait—and on the threat of danger unheeding of his own safety, accepts the full responsibility for the well-being of his charges."

The gorillas roam the mountainous regions of Uganda in family groups of five to eight. Captain Pitman watched many of these families sometimes as close up as 20 feet. When the male gorilla, about six feet tall and weighing up to 700 pounds, notices the presence of men he always warns his wives and youngsters with a low sound. The family immediately retreats to safety, while Papa Gorilla watches the human beings with as much curiosity as the men watch him. Assuring himself that there is no real danger he, too, quickly retreats and disappears in the densely tangled undergrowth.

Sometimes," the Captain says, "when the danger is sudden and overwhelming, the youngsters are sent up trees to hide till the trouble is over. As soon as he bids his family seek safety, he is out for mischief, though without direct provocation is unlikely to attack."

This solicitude of the male gorilla Pitman compares to the custom of many African tribes. The early African explorers knew that all was well when they found the women-folk in a village or kraal busily engaged in the usual chores. But an absence of women and children proved that they had been removed to a safe place in order to enable the warriors to fight unhampered. Whether the natives adopted this habit from the apes or the apes from them, the captain does not attempt to answer.

The Wambutte pigmies who live in the gorilla country are on excellent terms with the apes. Although they have every respect for them, they are not afraid of them. Living close to human settlements, the gorillas are used to men and are not disturbed by their presence. They feed in the vicinity of the Wambutte homes. When they happen to try to raid natives' crops the men attempt to drive the beasts away. In such cases the male gorilla treats the human efforts with contempt. He sends the females and kids to safety and he himself moves only when it suits him to do so.

Besides this report by Captain Pitman, another account comes from London which confirms the gentle nature of the gorilla. According to this account, Jean de Berrie, a young Englishman, has just returned to England after spending three years with a group of gorillas as a member of their family. Naked and unarmed, de Berrie shared the gorillas food, their dwelling places up in the trees, walked through the forests with them, played with their children, and found among them an old gorilla, the leader of the tribe, who became the greatest friend in his life.

De Berrie's friendship with the old gorilla developed to such a degree that the old fellow risked his life many times to save de Berrie from danger. One time, while peacefully living with the gorillas de Berrie was seen by a party of Dutch traders. With long hair hanging over his unshaven face the traders mistook him for the "Missing Link." Another time he was captured with some gorillas and was kept in a cage until he proved his identity after he had gotten a shave and a haircut.

Today, sitting in London in a comfortable apartment, de Berrie longs for the friendship of the savage beasts, whose companionship meant more to him than the society of his fellow men.

Captain Pitman in his report does not say anything about the possibility of a white man living with the gorillas. But he writes about some strange stories which the natives tell how approachable the gorillas are.

One of these stories tell how the natives fool a gorilla, when they want to kill him. They approach a gorilla family without disturbing it. As soon as they attract the attention of the male gorilla they begin to throw spears to each other. Before throwing the spears, however, they carefully wrap the blades with grass, going through this procedure deliberately so that the old ape can watch it.

This throwing and wrapping is kept up for some time, while the gorilla becomes more and more interested in the game. After a while the spear, wrapped up and harmless, is thrown toward the gorilla. He readily joins in. He catches the spear, wraps up its blade, and throws it back. Thus playing the natives come nearer and nearer to the gorilla until they reach an effective striking distance. Then suddenly they throw the spear without the protective grass and kill the gorilla.

According to Captain Pitman, the stories about cunning gorillas playing "possum" and attacking natives who investigate are not true—a gorilla never kills unless it's been provoked.

One British Adventurer, if He Tells the Truth, Actually Lived With Gorillas for Months. He Found the Big Brutes Friendly and Far More Intelligent Than Most Zoologists Describe Them.

Most Luxurious Bed Has Library, Kitchen And Bar

IMAGINE having all the comforts of home, right in bed.

When King Henry VIII relaxed in supine splendor, he had a flock of servants to minister to his wants. For a long time that kingly "service" item put a crimp in anybody's notion to develop a similar grand manner. But now, in California, John T. Holt, former district prosecutor of San Diego County, has developed a self-service super bed that puts him on a par with kings, and with far more privacy.

His bed isn't just a place to sleep in, it's a home and a club, a library and a kitchen all in one. Yet it's neat as a pin and as luxurious as any of the old-time regal couches.

It all started one night before Holt became a lawyer, when he was still attending his university. The fraternity house was so crowded that he slept on the floor. Nothing was easy it was to reach his clothes that way, he decided if he ever could manage it he would build himself a gadget bed unlike anything in the furniture stores.

Now, under his supervision, a San Diego cabinet-maker has completed his "dream-bed," weighing 1,000 pounds, and every pound of it worth its weight in comfort. The bed has no legs, so that nothing can fall under it and be hard to reach. It's surrounded on three sides by a cabinet several feet high. This "frame de luxe" provides, for one thing, elaborate indirect lighting controlled by several switches. Thus, there's a bright light to read by, or a soft light to relax in with a drink and soft music.

Whenever Mr. Holt wants a good time—he just crawls into bed. All in all it's a bachelor's paradise.

Should he find himself sleepless at night, he can pull out a tonic from a shelf at the right of where he lies, by just reaching for it without even lifting his head. If it's a headache he has, there are drawers in which he will find a sedative.

A radio gives music when and if he wants it. Or if the programs do not please him, a phonograph is just at his elbow. He may feel in the mood for a drink, and for the purpose a miniature bar is also built in.

In his Elijah's gadget he can likewise smoke—cigarettes are in a special compartment. Ash trays are scattered about the spacious bed's shelves, so that there will be no danger of the bed catching fire. Handkerchiefs are in one of the convenient drawers, pajamas and clothes can be kept in another.

There is also a place for dining napkins. For believe it or not, even a midnight lunch or a breakfast in bed can be arranged without getting up. There's an electric plug for a toaster, coffee pot and chafing dish.

The trick-bed is cosy, and by its construction makes draughts an unlikely danger. It's finished in ivory color so that the place is pleasant to the eyes and easy to live in. Everything about the "department bed" is designed to keep the occupant as happy as though he were in a cradle, with every want ministered to before it can become a frustration.

As a last touch, a white bear skin is flung across the bed which is soft and springy, with a thick wool mattress. In short, Mr. Holt's bed is fit for a king—and better than any monarch of the past ever spent a night in.

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Mrs. Allgeyer's All-Bigamist Bigamy Case

Everybody Who Took the Stand For or Against Her, Including Herself, Turned Out to Be Too Much Married So the Judge Called It All Off, and It's Still Uncertain Whether Bigamous Mr. Spaulding Owes Her a Million or Not

MARRIAGE LICENSE
ADULT
Mr. Sanford J. Critchell
Mr. Marion A. Gardiner
November 13th 1923
We hereby certify that the information above given is correct, to the best of our knowledge and belief.
Marion A. Gardiner
Bride
Sanford H. Clarke
Groom
I hereby certify that the above is a correct return of a Marriage by me.

Mrs. Spaulding's First Husband, Mr. Critchell, Who Married Her Bigamously, Exposed Himself by Signing His Name Two Ways, "Sanford J. Clarke," and "Sanford H. Clarke" on the Marriage License —And Then Assumed Still Another Identity to Testify Against Himself When She Divorced Him.

Holding Up a Photostat Copy of the $1,000,000 Note and Pointing to the Long Perpendicular Strips of Chromium on the Modernistic Bar, Mrs. Allgeyer, It was Said, Asked Howard: "Don't Those Strips Remind You of the Bars of the Cell You Will Occupy If I Tell the World About Our Marriage and That You Are a Bigamist?

Mrs. Marion Allgeyer, Who Risked All, Including Her Social Prestige in New Orleans, to Call Mr. Spaulding's Million for Her Silence.

The Exclusive New Orleans Country Club of Which Mrs. Allgeyer and Her Husband, Dr. Allgeyer, Were Popular Members.

Mr. Howard Spaulding, Who Admitted Signing a $1,000,000 Note for Mrs. Allgeyer's Silence as His Extra Wife, "Due on the Expiration of His Parents."

Dr. Emile Allgeyer, the Only Really Legal and Undisputed Husband of Mrs. Allgeyer.

BECAUSE it seemed to be making big business of bigamy, Justice J. Kenneth O'Brien threw a million dollar businessman out of New York's Supreme Court.

Mrs. Marion Allgeyer was legitimately married to a respectable husband and could never have confessed in previous bigamous one except that she thought the bigamist owed her a million dollars for not telling his wife, children, rich parents that this case is on.

This figurative gentleman in darkening with father bigamist who had not only married Marion, but perpetrated something more even in divorce-court perjury. That first was most obliging of bigamists. He actually appeared under another name at his own divorce trial and testified as his wife's witness against himself, swearing that he had been himself strike Marion, pinch her and perform other acts of cruelty. This chivalrous Jekyll and Hyde told the court that he had known himself about 12 years. When Marion's lawyer in the matrimony suit heard this he threw up his hands and resigned.

In dismissing the case Judge O'Brien administered one of the most stinging rebukes of recent times. He said:

"The conduct of both plaintiff and defendant with respect to their claims is reprehensible, indicating among other things cynical and wanton disregard of the sacredness of marriage and their conduct, irrespective of the technical legal possibilities, is such as to permit neither of them to gain further advantage over the other. Neither is worthy of belief and both should be left to settle in the quagmire of their own creation."

Mrs. Allgeyer, until she called the world's attention to the quagmire, was living securely and somewhat serenely in the higher circles of New Orleans society, as the wife of an eminent surgeon, Dr. Ernest Emile Allgeyer, who had lost his own heart to Marion while taking out her appendix. But one day she felt called upon to go to New York and perform a more painful major operation than any her husband had ever done.

The proposed patient was Mr. Howard Spaulding, of New York City and Freehold, New Jersey. Like most persons, Mr. Spaulding had two arms, two legs, two eyes, two ears and two kidneys, but he also had two million dollars and Marion's idea was to amputate one of those two millions. As in the good old days before anaesthetics, someone would have to hold the patient down while she operated.

Marion had an instrument for the operation in the form of a promissory note, given her by Spaulding, by which he agreed to pay her that million, not at the customary expiration of a certain number of years or months but at the expiration of his parents. These said parents had now expired, leaving him their fortune, the note was therefore due but he had refused to pay and therefore she asked the courts to hold her unwilling patient while she took it out of him.

Before payment of a note can be enforced, the court must be satisfied that some sort of valuable consideration was given in exchange for it. The consideration Marion had given was the most golden kind of silence. Had she whispered a word in the discontented ear of Mrs. Spaulding, just think of the divorce and big alimony that might have followed.

Another whisper to his parents and Howard would have been disinherited and what would the police do, if she whispered to them? Howard says that she suggested this wryly while they were carpeting a drink at a bar decorated in modernistic style. Pointing at some long perpendicular strips of chromium, she is said to have asked:

"Don't those remind you of the bars of the cell you would occupy if I should tell the world that you are a bigamist?"

From then on, all bars suggested prison bars to Mr. Spaulding and such silence might well have been worth a million.

It was a pathetic story she told the court of a trusting Chicago girl whose simple heart had been won by a scheming New Yorker. Being a good girl, however, she had resisted all attempts to lead her astray without first marrying her. Finally Spaulding did follow that proper sequence but what was her dismay, after a brief honeymoon, to discover that "the marriage was a mockery because he already had a wife and three children."

She said that Spaulding told her he was estranged from his wife and would gladly divorce her except that his parents were so prejudiced against divorce that they would surely disinherit him. This was important because his father was a wealthy official of a big Philadelphia publishing house. Now if she would only let her broken heart suffer in silence until Nature took its course with his beloved parents, he would then and there fork over a million to Marion. He had put it in writing but now, after casting in on her long silence, he had re-betrayed the trusting woman by repudiating his note.

Howard's story was different, except for admitting an almost unbelievable infatuation for Marion and a bigamous marriage with her.

"Ten days after I met Marion in Chicago," he testified, "I tried to get her to be my dear friend but she said: 'I won't be your dear friend unless we are married.' But that is impossible!' I told her. 'I am a married man, with three children.'"

Apparently Marion was full of a strange sentimentality which Howard couldn't understand. She suggested that they could run over to Milwaukee, be married under assumed names and nobody would ever be the wiser. Spaulding could not see why such empty words would comfort her any, but he had heard that sometimes a woman thinks more of a wild violet picked at dawn than of a diamond ring. Never before had he met such a specimen, but perhaps this was one and, if so, why not humor her?

Some time after the ceremony, he learned why, when the lady suggested a payoff. He could not pretend he was an innocent party to the bigamy. It would be only his word against hers that she knew he was married and had even suggested the bigamy.

He saw the point, signed the note at her dictation and later bought it back from her for $50,000 worth of stock and installments of cash amounting to $40,000. But Marion, before surrendering the note, had thoughtfully made photostat copies of it which in court are just as good as originals.

Things looked pretty dark for Spaulding, so his attorney Harold R. Medina, of 165 Broadway, New York City, had to be detective first and lawyer second. In a preliminary hearing he managed to drag from the fair plaintiff the fact that before that bigamous marriage to Spaulding she had married one Sanford J. Clarke and soon after divorced him for cruelty.

Before and After that brief matrimonial episode there seemed to be no traces of Clarke's existence. Yet he had been in the flesh long enough, the lawyer said, to sign the necessary records of the marriage, and Marion had certainly divorced him. So what? Only one little thing in one place Clarke had made a slip of pen, writing his middle initial H. instead of J.

Turning to the records of Marion's divorce, Medina found that the star witness had been Lawrence S. Critchell, a banker who gave the following testimony:

Q. "Are you a married man?" A. "Yes."

Q. "How long have you known Mr. Clarke?" A. "I would say about 12 years."

Q. "How long have you known Mrs. Clarke?" A. "I have known her since the early part of last year. I would say somewhere around November."

Q. "You know Mr. Clarke pretty well?" A. "Quite well, yes."

Q. "Did you ever have occasion to see Mr. and Mrs. Clarke together in New York?" A. "Yes, I did."

Q. "Last November?" A. "Somewhere around the latter part of November."

Q. "What if anything happened that evening?" A. "It was a good deal rather clearly in my mind. It was in the club. The Gallant Dancing Club down in Washington Square. There was a good crowd of us, probably a hundred people in the room, and Mr. Clarke, for the years that I had known him, was very jealous, and he seemed to be very angry every time anybody danced with Mrs. Clarke or at anyone would look at her. He was making himself rather conspicuous. So far as I could see it looked like he was pinching her, because she was trying to get away from him, and he would not let go of her arm. There was finally a row in the place and someone got in throwing chairs and after things got quieted down we started dancing again. I guess the excitement got the better of him and he slapped Mrs. Clarke quite a hard blow in the face in front of all the people. With that she got angry and said she would not stand it any longer and as we had enough excitement we all left."

Q. "Have you seen Mr. Clarke since?" A. "I talked to him twice, yes."

Q. "Where?" A. "New York."

Q. "Did you have a conversation with him?" A. "Yes, he has talked to me about it. He was very much ashamed of himself. He said he just seemed to get furious when any other man looked at her, she being a good-looking girl. It just got the best of him."

Investigating Mr. Critchell, Medina found that the S. stood for Sanford, same as the first name of Marion's first husband. It is a common habit for persons who assume false names to use their own middle one for the first or last of the spurious name. On the strength of this, Medina obtained specimens of Critchell's handwriting, and experts then agreed that he and Clarke were the same man. In other words, Critchell, the banker, was Clarke, the cruel husband, testifying to his own cruelty.

Critchell, a married man with a responsible position, was even less eager to testify for Spaulding than he had been for Marion but in both cases he had little choice, considering what he had done.

Most ingenious court strategy was employed in the case of this witness. Produced in court under his right name, nothing revealed to Mrs. Allgeyer that the defense had any idea that Critchell was anything more than he had pretended to be at the divorce trial. His presence did not seem to be doing Marion's case any harm, but when she was placed on the stand she made a fatal slip. She admitted not only that she had known Critchell fairly well but that he was a married man and she had known he was married before she wed Clarke.

Once this admission was on the record, Medina brought Critchell to the stand where he stunned the courtroom by stating not only that he was husband Clarke but at Marion's suggestion had married her bigamously under a false name. In fact, in almost every way this bigamous marriage was a sort of rehearsal for what she later did to Spaulding.

In the deathblow silence which followed this exposure, a faint voice was heard. It was Marion's lawyer speaking.

"May it please Your Honor, I wish to withdraw from this case."

Another lawyer was found to pick up the pieces and carry on Spaulding testified that she initially called him a fat old bigamist, but she retorted that he called her a skinny little blackmailer. He claimed that in terror of imprisonment she had extorted not only the note for a million but also $90,000 in stocks and cash and in his counterplaint he asked the court to make her "disgorge those ill-gotten gains."

To rebut the blackmail idea and show that those were mere gifts of love and admiration, she introduced many of his letters showing affection and concern over her health, even urging her to eat liver for her anemia. The new lawyer asked: If it were true that she was a blackmailer, why did not Spaulding hate her and wish she would die?

Spaulding answered that he had written all those sweet letters and even gone as far as to be intimate with her after she married the doctor, just to keep her good-natured so she would not throw him into prison. Marion pointed out that she came of a fine old family, with a grandfather who had been personal physician to Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, who was abandoned to his fate by the French, and that her father was an oculist and inventor.

But the disgusted judge threw out both claims and told both parties what he thought of them.

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Try this gift breakfast of Quaker Oats just two weeks and see what a world of good it does for your family. And note by your food budget the substantial saving you make.

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Do You know why Quaker Oats is ideal for Children?

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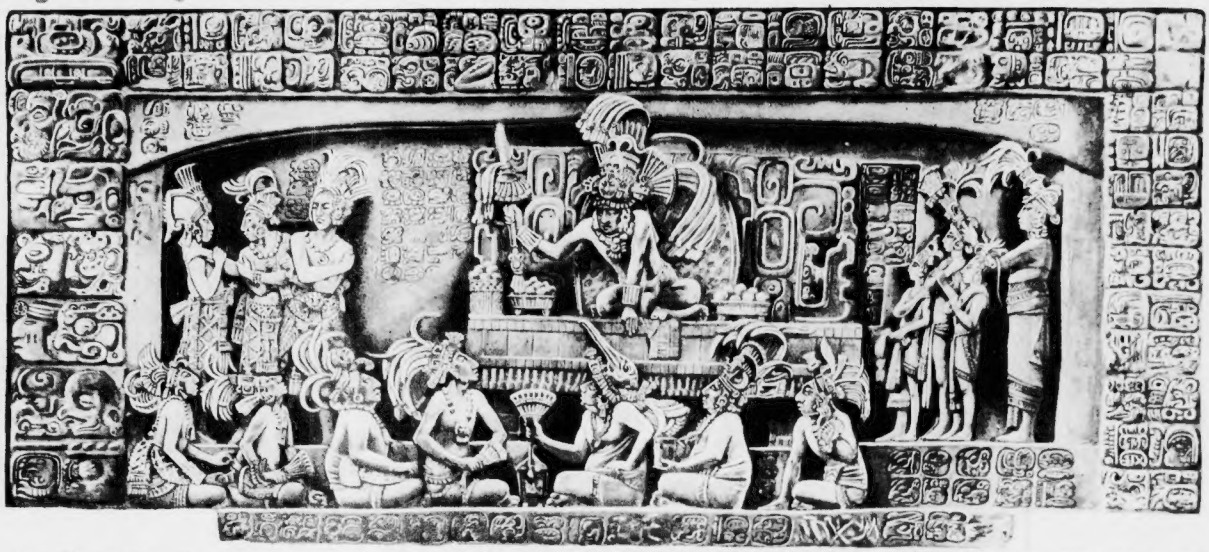
RUTH HARKNESS
Great American Explorer

TOM RUSSELL
Great American Artist

Mystery of the Vanished Mayans' Broken Thrones



A New Theory That Social Revolution, Not Drought Nor Pestilence, Caused the Breakdown of America's Greatest Native Civilization Which Flourished in Central America 2,000 Years Before Columbus Ever Saw This Country.

Extraordinary Reproduction of the Famous "Lintel 3," From Piedras Negras, in Guatemala, One of the Cities Where Mayan Civilization Reached Its Artistic Peak. In the Center Is One of the Thrones and Surrounding the Panel Is a Legend in the Still-Undeciphered Mayan Glyphs.

ARCHEOLOGICAL detectives, seeking probing picks into the ruins of the long-deserted cities of the ancient Mayans, are inclined to think that a revolution, the rebellion of the enslaved classes against their priest-rulers, is the answer to one of archeology's greatest mysteries, the abandonment of the huge palaces and temples that dot Mexico and Central America, and the virtual disappearance of a remarkable and complex civilization.

Like the ancient Khmers of Cambodia, the Mayans came from no one knows where, achieved a high state of civilization 2,000 years before Columbus blundered across America, built great cities in the jungles. Then, like the Khmers, they deserted their cities and their civilization was practically wiped out almost overnight.

Archeologists now tried to explain this puzzle by blaming nature. Drought, or some climatic change, they said, must have caused the Mayans to abandon their cities and disappear into the jungles, reverting to the primitive existence they maintain today. But now Linton Satterthwaite, Jr., director of an expedition of the University of Pennsylvania Museum and the American Philosophical Society, after four months spent at Piedras Negras in Guatemala, once one of the finest cities, believes a revolution and not nature was responsible.

Mr. Satterthwaite bases his theory on clues that are hundreds of years old—the broken thrones and benches found in the palaces and temples at Piedras Negras. Every throne, benches and figures are found in virtually every excavation of ancient cities, but to the archeological detectives the evidence presented in the ruins at Piedras Negras presents an angle that makes it impossible to believe that the damage to the thrones and benches was caused by the ravages of time or by some natural disaster such as an earthquake.

Great fragments of the wooden thrones have been found, although the location of the original article, too far to have been demolished there by an earthquake, or to have rotted and fumbled there when the roofs of the ancient buildings caved in. They are also far away that they could have been carried only by men who were bent on destroying what they had built, and such destruction points to a violent social upheaval.

Satterthwaite's theory is supported by Dr. J. Alden Mason, curator of the American section of the University of Pennsylvania Museum and one of the world's authority on the subject of Mayan history. Dr. Mason has spent much time at the Piedras Negras site himself, and points out that the belief that the Mayans were a pacific people is mistaken. They were cultured, but there was none of the "high-brow-ism" about them. They were not only willing to fight for their rights but were a cruel people, given to torture and violence. Carvings in the interior of the mountains of the country often show bound captives, and scenes of torture.

Another Mayan Bas Relief Which Recalls the Modelling of the Ancient Greeks and Shows a King Upon One of the Thrones Which Is Supported on One of the Jaguar Thrones. And Above, One of the Broken Thrones Which Director Linton Satterthwaite, Head of the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania's Expedition, Found at Piedras Negras—the Fragments Now Carefully Joined.

In announcing his new theory to account for the disappearance of the Mayans, Mr. Satterthwaite tells The American Weekly: "Many scientists have believed that it was the inability of the Mayans to cope with the enveloping jungle, or some other natural force that led to the abandonment of their many elaborate temples and palaces.

"For the second time since archeological work has begun at Piedras Negras, however, there was discovered during the past season evidence that human agencies apparently contributed to the destruction of the thrones in the sacred palaces. In both instances parts of the shattered thrones lay in the palace ruins while missing sections of the same thrones, which could not have been removed by natural causes, were found buried beneath jungle vegetation at some distances from the palace or were found missing entirely.

"The ancient Maya communities were not cities in the strict sense of the word, but rather religious centers and the absence of kitchens and sleeping quarters in the palaces indicates that those structures were used primarily for religious and civil ceremonies and were not priestly residences as had been supposed by many.

"They were, however, undoubtedly erected at the instance of the priests who constituted the ruling classes and it is logical to assume, therefore, that such sacred buildings would not have lost their meaning to the Mayans, and their construction would not have been discontinued if it had not been that there was some change in the relationship between the priests and laymen.

"Possibly that change took the form of a violent social upheaval in which the priests and all they stood for were overthrown, and their temples and palaces partially destroyed. The discovery that human agencies played a part in the destruction and removal of sacred objects and in the abandonment of the cities is of considerable significance.

Almost everywhere in the ancient Maya country the religious centers called cities were dominated by temples and buildings called palaces for want of a better name. The temples were raised on high terraced pyramids. The palaces were usually closely connected with the temples but were architecturally larger, contained many rooms and were built along an entirely different plan. Archeologists, until now, have been of the belief that the priests, who ruled Maya with firm hands, lived in the palaces. The absence of any indication of kitchen fires and the failure to find unattached buildings which could have served as kitchens is one good indication that such is not the case. Moreover, benches similar to those found in the palaces were declared by one student of Mayan history and culture to have served as beds. Dr. Mason and Mr. Satterthwaite disagree with this conclusion, however, pointing out that the benches and thrones are built to the same dimension and that their location is such that they would have been not only remarkably uncomfortable as beds but would have put the sleeper in a drafty and cold and cheerless place.

In addition it has been found that almost one of the so-called temples, when carefully examined, revealed some trace of a screen at its rear, and these screens are supposed to have designated the privacy. The two scientists believe that the palaces were so constructed as to house large audiences and that they were used much as public buildings are today.

Perhaps the tightly organized priest rule, Mr. Satterthwaite said, eventually provoked rebellion. In a state of successful revolt what would be more natural than the destruction of inscriptions by the ignorant lower class revolutionists? Reading and writing were undoubtedly the prized and guarded secrets of the upper classes and the glyphs represented therefore a symbol of power that the revolutionists would hate and wish to destroy. The thrones themselves were fancy seats and the hieroglyphs carried magic, good or bad in accordance with the point of view.

The officials who sat in the throne rooms undoubtedly were priests. In the temples at Piedras Negras priests usually functioned as servants of the gods, burning incense around the altar, making sacrifices and begging favor from the benevolent gods and forgiveness from the malevolent ones. The altar was the center of interest in the temple, but in the palaces the priests themselves were undoubtedly the most important thing in the throne rooms, possibly as a exhibit as well as religious administrator.

"Only two of the thrones at Piedras Negras are so placed that more than a few persons could gather in a room or plaza in front of the rooms containing them.

A knowledge of the habits of modern Indians makes it reasonably certain that with elaborate provisions for the dignity of such a considerable number of priests indicated that they ruled the country pretty firmly.

Until Mr. Satterthwaite, his archeological detection work however, associate has not seen the significance of the mutilated thrones.

When all the points for the various theories as to what destroyed the Mayan civilization are considered, Mr. Satterthwaite's deduction of a revolution, with the mobs rising to overthrow the priests and all the upper classes among the most likely. After such a revolt, which undoubtedly would have been a bloody upheaval, most of the Mayan culture would have been automatically wiped out. Knowledge of reading and writing would have died with the deaths of the priests, and organization of the laws required to supervise the construction of new cities would disappear, leaving only the ignorant workers who soon would revert to the primitive. And that is what some archeologists now believe is just what happened.

The Mayan peasants threw off the yoke the ruling classes had put around their necks and, in throwing it, they threw away their own civilization.

A Wall Carving of the Mayans Showing a Priestess Presenting One of the Strange Religious Implements to a Priest.

A Mayan Wall Carving Showing a Priest Pulling a Thorn Studded Rope Through a Cut in His Tongue. This Was One Part of the Queer Religious Rites Practised by the Indians.

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Bouquets

FROM USERS OF THE NEW LINIT

MAGIC BEAUTY MASK

"I have tried the Linit Magic Beauty Mask, and have found that it does wonders for the skin, making the skin soft, clear and clean. I highly recommend it to anyone."

"I am most grateful to you for finding such a discovery. My skin is very dry and I cannot use soap of any kind upon my face. The mask, for dry or hyper-sensitive skin, really worked wonders, as it left my skin so alive and with such a healthy appearance. It also adds to a base for a powder foundation."

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"I have had three of my friends and my mother try Linit for a facial mask, and I am very happy to be able to say they all like it, especially my friend, who has a dry skin."

"I found the Linit Magic Beauty Mask acted as a mild bleach, closed the large pores of the face, and made my skin feel soft and smooth. In addition to this, I found it acted as a grand powder base."

"My wife tried the Linit Magic Beauty Mask and liked it very much, saying it cleansed and refined the pores, leaving the skin smooth and soft."

*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.

2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.

3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.

4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.

Beneath the new LINIT MAGIC BEAUTY MASK *May Bloom Your Hidden Beauty*

HERE is a new, complete twenty-minute beauty treatment that begins its gentle, toning action as *soon* as it is applied, and leaves the skin looking soft, smooth and refreshed.

If your complexion is dull and sallow, the Linit Magic Beauty Mask will help to clarify it through natural stimulation, and will heighten the natural bloom.

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Magic Beauty Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

Feel your face—the petal-like smoothness and softness; observe the enchanting bloom of youth. The Linit Magic Beauty Mask leaves the skin with a velvety "film" that is an excellent powder base, as it eliminates shine and helps to keep make-up looking fresh for hours longer.

Why not try Linit Magic Beauty Mask NOW? If you do not have Linit at hand, your grocer can supply you.

Mr. MacKenzie Gets a New Set of Teeth

The Aristocratic Boston Bull Started a Doggy Fad When He Visited His Dentist for Artificial "Uppers," and Now He's Back on His Diet of Bones

The Nurse Gets 13-Year-Old Mr. MacKenzie Ready for the Dentist

A

The Dentist Lowers the Upper Set Against the Roof of the Dog's Mouth to Make Sure the False Teeth Don't Wobble

Mr. MacKenzie Proved Nobody Can Be Quite So Regal and When the Lower Teeth Are Pressed In

A GAE MAE NINETY MUSICAL . . .
THE BEST OF THE WESTS!
Here it is, the show you've been waiting for. Mae herself, singing, swinging through a lavish big-time musical show with the greatest all-star cast of ace comedians ever assembled in a single picture. A picture with all the sparkle, the excitement of those famous Gay Nineties when the horseless buggy first galloped up Broadway and "they tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York." A picture that'll have Grandad and Grandma laughing through their tears. A picture that will have Dad and Mother reliving those courtin' days on that bicycle built for two. A picture that'll have the kids roaring with laughter at the antics of their favorite screen and radio comics. A picture the whole family, the whole country will get a kick out of . . . The Best of the Wests!
MAE WEST
in
"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY"
with
EDMOND LOWE
Charles Butterworth · Charles Winninger
Walter Catlett · Lloyd Nolan · Herman Bing
Chester Conklin and Louis Armstrong
Original Play by Mae West
An Emanuel Cohen Production
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland
IT'S GOT MUSIC . . . IT'S GOT LAUGHS!
IT'S GOT RHYTHM . . . IT'S GOT Mae!
Four smashing Paramount song-hits, you have heard 'em on the air, now hear 'em in . . .
The Best of the Wests!
JUBILEE · FIFI
EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY
FLUTTER BY, LITTLE BUTTERFLY
Los Angeles Examiner
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Coming to the METROPOLITAN THEATRE
JANUARY 20th

"Empires of the Moon"

Conspiracies Which Almost Changed the Course of History, but Which Failed Because of Some Tremendous Trifle

Dramatized From Old Records by

H. Bedford-Jones

The Empress Zoë [illegible] her

No. 3—The Gorgeous Wench.

M

"A

Slave-men crept up her with [illegible] Over the Empress . . . A Burst From Princess Barzanes . . . The Two Nubians Seized Her, Rent the Gay Robe From Her, Left Her Bared and Lovely Before All Eyes

F

Ancient Ilk: Those Who Made Up the Empress Zoë's Varangarian Guard on a Foray. From an Old Print.

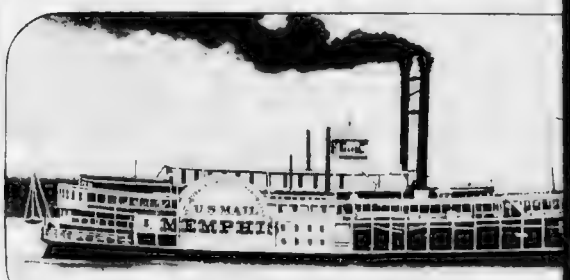
They made [illegible]

(Continued on Page 20)

"OLD MAN RIVE

Chapters From the Vanished Pageant Mississippi and Its Tributaries---Romanti and Adventurous, the Heroines and H Bad Men and Bad Women Who Tra the Historic Water-Road---Told by Last of Its Old-Time Captains

"Fights by 'butting' were favorite---sometimes to settle a dispute and sometimes for money. Some rousta boats could knock down a horse with their thick skulls. Sometimes two would run at each other, heads down, and when their heads met they would both be knocked unconscious and we would have to carry them to their bunks.'



"Belle of Memphis." One of the Finest Boats of Its Time, Noted for the Famous Gamblers, Like George H. Devol, Who Used to Travel on It. Courtesy, Dr. N. Philip Norman, New York.

The Late Mark Twain, Who Was One of Captain Rosche's Close Friends, on the Steamboat on Which He Made His Last Trip Down the Mississippi. Courtesy of Harper and Brothers.

Snag Boat, Which Was for Removing Tree Tr Is Lowered and Obs Aboard to Be Depo These Snags Were After Hitting On Rapidly

BY CAPTAIN LOUIS ROSCHE,
Formerly Captain of Many Famous Old Mississippi River Steamboat

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

CHAPTER II.

W[illegible] to have some pretty tough fel[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] "Yes, de fireman he butted me."

Up came the mate, who said:

"We've got a fireman down below who has killed two or three darkies by butting them to death with his head."

"Send him up," said one of the white passengers at the bar, "and I'll butt him till he is sick of butting."

It was George H. Devol, a giant of a man and one of the best-known gamblers on the river.

"Why, Devol, I wouldn't give five cents for your head if that Negro gets a lick at it," spoke up a young planter, who was in the party.

"I'll bet $500 I can make the darky squeal."

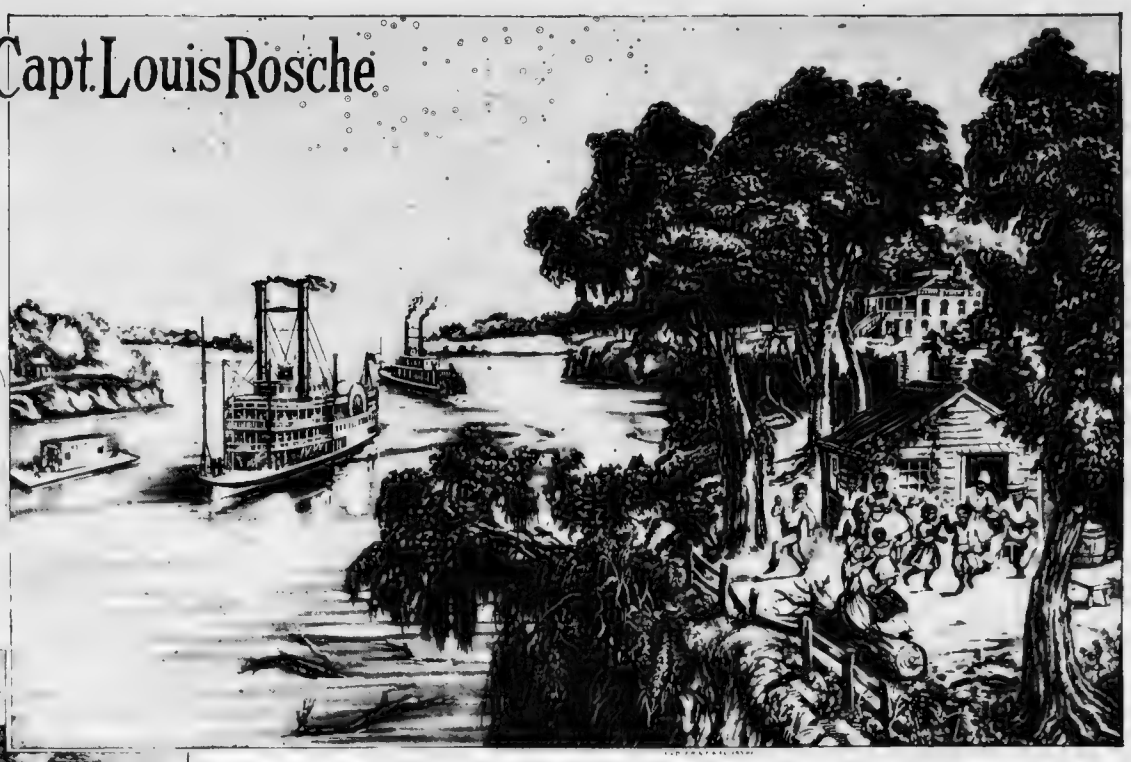
[illegible]

The money was put in the barkeeper's hands and for the first time that Devol noticed [illegible] that he would back out. He only had $175 in his roll, and he offered to bet that

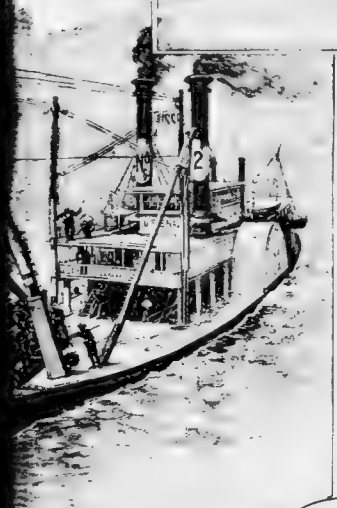
"All right, I don't back out. I'll butt the [

R" By Capt. Louis Rosche

of the c, Tragic eroes, veled the



Low Water On the Mississippi," a Rare Old Print Which Shows the Historic Racing Steamboat, "Robert E. Lee," as Well as an Old Stern-Wheeler and a Flat-Boat. On the Bank Is a Typical Southern Cabin With Plantation Hands Dancing in the Foreground.



nd Is Still Used on the Mississippi nks Floating in the River. The Hook the Snag Is Secured It Is Hauled ted Somewhere Along the Shore. ris to Early Steamboats Which, Would Usually Fill and Sink From an Old Print.

A Typical Mississippi River Steamboat Captain, Strong Limbed and Fearless. From an Old Print.

out, leaving it where she had put it. Quick as she got back to her own cabin, she jumped in the bath with her husband and snuggled up close, telling him what an awful mistake she had made. But he was so sick he didn't care nothing about it. So the lady lay as still as a mouse, and listened.

Pretty soon that fellow who had himself a mighty fine mustard plaster but didn't know it came tearing out of his cabin like a bat out of perdition, yelling at the top of his voice:

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

Around and around he went, charging all over the boat, with his night-shirt flapping around his bare ankles, till somebody grabbed him and held him still long enough to figure out what was the matter. But the lady and her husband thought they better not let on that they knew anything

and although there were eight white men in my crew and I could and would have to use them, they weren't used to this rough work and I would lose

I dropped behind a pile of ties. Once, twice and three times the black stopped, drew a bead on the pile of ties and fired. Finally he sank to the ground and I figured he was bleeding to death. The gunfire had just the right effect on my roustabouts. If I hadn't settled matters quick, a free-for-all with the roustabouts would have started. But few of them had guns, because officers of steamboats took care to keep firearms away from their roustabouts, and the shooting that had just taken place, and

I walked up to him and I never

When the sheriff arrived, he wasn't the kind of sheriff you see on a show boat stage with a big mustache and high boots, but a quiet little fellow dressed in shabby clothes, but he had a square chin and clear cold eyes and looked like he could take care of himself. He took a squint at the Negro who was being carried off to town to the doctor and said

"Who shot this man?"

A steamboat captain hates to get tied up with the local police where there are any. Sheriffs can tie up a boat and make a lot of costly delay.

"Don't know who shot him, Sheriff," I answered evenly.

The officer, without saying a word, went among

(Continued on Page 22)

The "Newest" Parisian Thrill Turns Out to be Old Stuff

... Advantage of Their Stay in the French Capital ... in Connection With the Exposition ... Such Voyages Were the Thing to Do ... the March ... 1870 Issue of Harper's Weekly ...

M "C "B J R

M

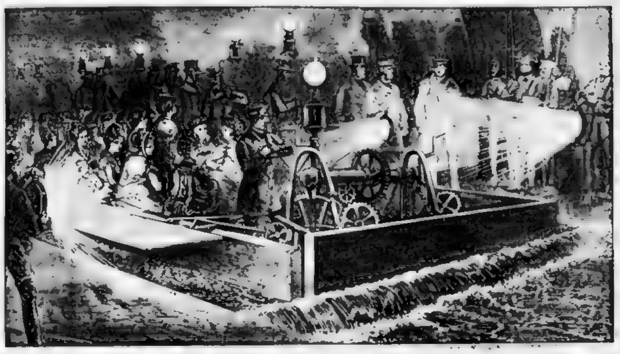
PARIS

SEVERAL thousand visitors to the International Exposition rounded out their sight-seeing at the elaborate fair on the banks of the Seine with a side trip through a section of the French capital's celebrated sewers.

Clever ... through the ... a new ... a boat trip ... spending ... the Eiffel Tower ...

with the records of ... weight the sewers ... were hot on the trail.

It seems, however, that the ... who filled boat after boat with sewer tourists don't know their history ... to mention that ... "thrilling" ... may date ... 1870 ... century ago.



W 12W 13R 14

M

A O W W E M P G F H H
L T T O D F
T M

These Oregon Beauties Are Going in for Mashed Potatoes in a Big Way. After the Spuds Raised in Deschutes County Were Cooked in Huge Pots They Were Dumped in a Mortar Tray, Crushed With Tamps and Worked on With Shovels and Hoes. The Mixing Dish Is Six Feet Long and Four Feet Wide. The Macerated Potatoes Were Served to a Big Crowd ...

WE SAY IT WITH FLAVOR!

We use our NOODLES

Heinz Home-style SOUPS

News for NIGHT PROWLERS

Heinz FRESH CUCUMBER PICKLE 57

FULL-BODIED VINEGARS that actually cost you less money!

57 Heinz PURE VINEGARS

THE BIGGEST FLAVOR BARGAIN of the Year!

Heinz TOMATO KETCHUP 57

TODAY and EVERY SUNDAY

WITH SUGAR AND 'LASSES OR DRENCHED IN TOMATO SAUCE!

HEINZ BAKES 'EM BOTH WAYS

Heinz OVEN-BAKED BEANS

The Queerest Accidents of 1937

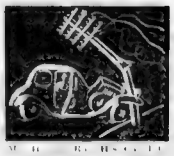
Grim and Amusing Mishaps in Which Bees in a Farmer's Trousers Set Fire to a Train, a Photographer Hanging to Runaway Balloons Is Saved By a Sharpshooter, a Rattlesnake Bites a Man's Tongue, and a Patient's Lungs Explode

The Farmer Placed His Bees in Milk Bottles for Transportation

On the Bee the Bees Got Into His Trousers When

They Pinched a Passenger Who Was Trying to Attract the Conductor

The Train Was Stopped and the Brakes Caught Fire



The Cat Put Out His Tongue at the Rattlesnake, and the Creature Promptly Sank Its Fangs Into It

A Cat Was Accidentally Set Afire, and in Turn Set the House Ablaze and Destroyed the Barn as Well

FREE!

special 25¢ bottle FITCH'S SHAMPOO

A GUARANTEED DANDRUFF REMOVER

with 60¢ Italian Balm

SENSATIONAL

GIFT OFFER!

Try America's Largest-Selling Skin Protector—in this Bargain Package

REMOVE DANDRUFF
with First Application

LOOK FOR THIS COUNTER DISPLAY

Supply Limited—So Hurry!

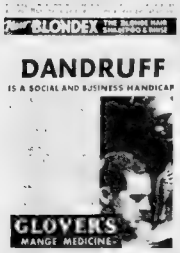
HURRY! HURRY!

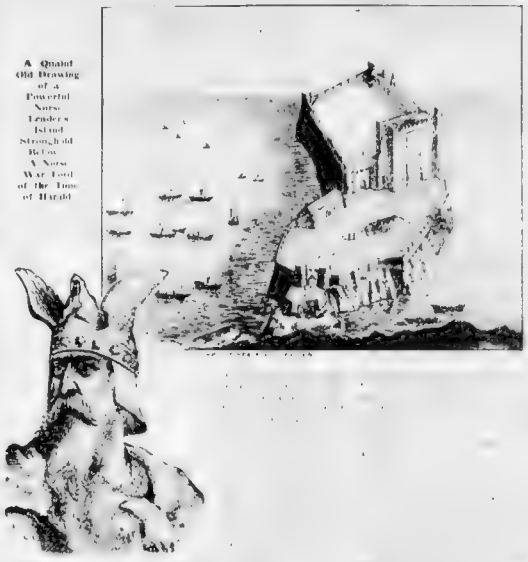
Only an average of 12 Combination Packages per retailer have been made up—about one package for every 250 families. When this supply is gone there'll be no more!

"EMPIRES OF THE MOON"

Dramatized from Old Records by H. BEDFORD-JONES

(Continued from Page 18)





A Quaint Old Drawing of a Powerful Norse Leader, Island Stronghold Refuge, A Norse War Lord of the Time of Harald

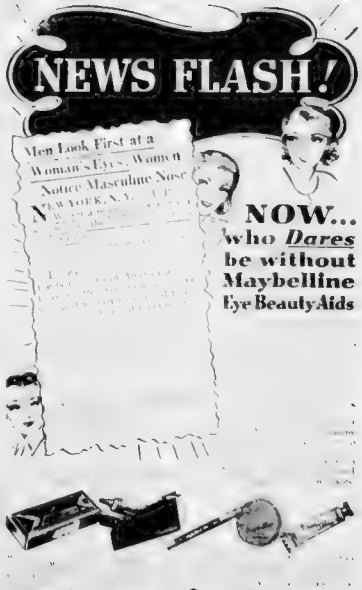
2-Way
Relief For
Discomforts of
COLDS
1
Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours
2
If throat is sore from the cold crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in ⅓ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.
RELIEVES THROAT PAIN RAWNESS
ENTERS BODY THROUGH STOMACH AND INTESTINES TO EASE PAIN

For Rapid Results Make Sure to Get Genuine BAYER Aspirin

The Reason Bayer Aspirin Works So Fast

VIRTUALLY A PENNY— 1¢ PER TABLET

Now you get 24 tablets for only 25c


NEWS FLASH!
Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes—Women Notice Masculine Nose
NOW... who Dares be without Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids
Maybelline

THIS WINTER
THEY'RE OUT ENJOYING LIFE
HURRAH FOR FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT
I'VE LOST TEN POUNDS AND FEEL LIKE A MILLION. MY SKIN'S SO MUCH CLEARER, TOO

Let Florida Grapefruit

bring you Health, Vigor, Youth

FOR JUST A FEW PENNIES A DAY

Here's the radio program all America is talking about

DELICIOUS NEW GRAPEFRUIT RECIPES

MINTED GRAPEFRUIT
Tempting as appetizer or dessert

SOUTHERN CHICKEN SALAD
The best you ever tasted!

HOW TO MAKE FISH EXTRA DELICIOUS

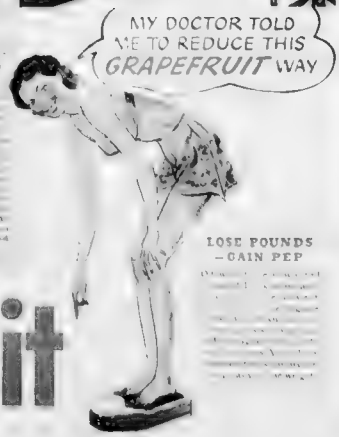
Broil the fish in Florida grapefruit juice for fifteen minutes before cooking. The tart juice will give pleasing tang and flavor.

GRAPEFRUIT-LIME ASPIC
Grand for a bridge luncheon

1 small Florida grapefruit — 1 pkge. prepared lime gelatine
1 cup water — 2 tablespoons lemon juice
Dash salt

Juice 1 grapefruit and add water. (Excess may be used to make 1 cup.) Add to cup of cold water and bring to boil. Dissolve lime gelatine in boiling liquid. Section other grapefruit as I and sections in pieces. Mix with chopped pimento and salt. Pour gelatine into large or individual molds. When it begins to set, add grapefruit mixture and chill until firm. Unmold on cress or lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing. Makes 6 portions.

SPICY DEEP-DISH PIE
With luscious, rich flavor



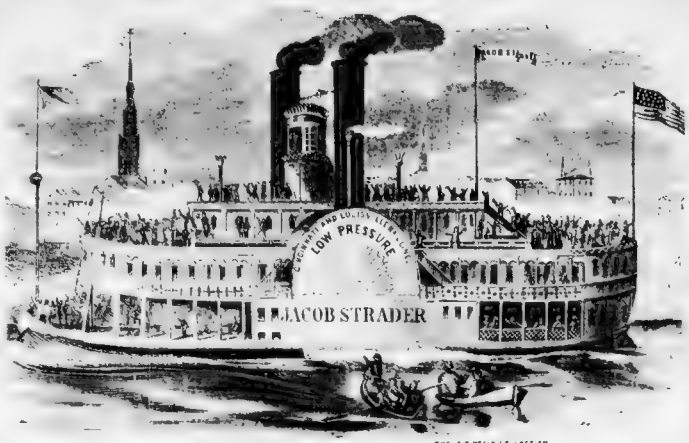
LOSE POUNDS — GAIN PEP

ASK FOR Florida TRUE FLAVOR Grapefruit

OLD MAN RIVER

By Capt. Louis Rosche

(Continued from Double Page)



The Famous Low Pressure Steamboat Jacob Strader, One of the Earliest Boats on the Ohio River, Whose Boilers Exploded in the 1850's, Causing a Toll of Hundreds of Lives

flat cars and ran them up the railroad to the next town, which was Clinton. When the steamboat came around the bend, the Major and his men were waiting for her, in rowboats. But the ruffians didn't like the looks of so many muskets and threw up their hands right away. The steamboat was taken back to Rock Island, and the rioters marched off to jail. They were later let go without trial because the Captain and he couldn't identify the ring leaders and there wasn't anybody else willing to testify against them.

"GO TO THE MOVIES?

NOT ME—MY EYES ARE TOO TIRED!"

Here, try this Murine now how do your eyes feel?

LATER

Don't let tired, smarting eyes spoil your fun

Use cleansing, soothing Murine for tired burning, uncomfortable eyes

Easy to apply!

Ingredients printed on package

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Cleanses Soothes!

COUGH COUGH COUGH

Get quick, soothing cough relief the "MOIST-THROAT" way

Large Trial Bottle for 10¢ PERTUSSIN

NOW THEY'RE REALLY CLEAN!

No Brushing

Stera-Kleen

CLEANS FALSE TEETH WITHOUT BRUSHING

OUCH! THAT STABBING PAIN

BAUME "Ben-Gay"

ACTS FAST WHERE YOU HURT

Does Your Hair AGE YOU?

USED WITH SUCCESS FOR OVER 30 YEARS

60¢ & $1.00 AT ALL DRUGGISTS

HISLOP CHEMICAL WORKS

PATCHOGUE N.Y.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.

CORN SUFFERERS

Don't Take Chances With Ordinary Methods

CORNS COME BACK

Remember

Corns come back Bigger, Uglier unless removed Root and All

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

Continued on Page 24)

"EMPIRES OF THE MOON"---*The Gorgeous Wench*

Dramatized from Old Records by H. BEDFORD-JONES

(Continued from Page 20)

stringe," commanded Zoe. "A princess, is she?"

The bowstrings lashed down. Zoe caught sight of the Tartar envoy, craning forward to see the better, his bestial features set in a wide grin. She stopped the two archers.

"Go to our Tartar friend, little Princess Berenice," she ordered. "Quickly! He pants for you, he would upset the world for you—quickly! Welcome her, noble khan!"

Berenice was hurled into the arms of the Tartar, amid a gale of laughter from those around—those who might be the next victims of caprice. Amid the laughter, a quick step rang on the marble.

Eumarchos appeared, saluted, announced Harald the Acolyth.

"Good! Send him here!" cried the empress.

Harald strode in, cast a contemptuous glance around, and came straight to her. He smiled slightly as he saluted, into her face came a glow, a gleaming warmth. She beckoned him to the seat beside her, and with a shrug he obeyed. Her gaze devoured him.

"Look at me!" she ordered in a low voice. Under the icy gleam of his gaze, she moved as though a blow had touched her. "What! Still scornful, my Harald?"

"Not a bit, lady." He reached out coolly, picked up her golden flagon, and put down the stone at a gulp. "You're the most powerful woman in the world. Isn't that answer enough? I'm in your service, Zoe."

"Strange man!" she murmured. "King of some little petty country in the far north, and not satisfied with the empire ready to your hand? I know of your affair with the pretty Elena, forget her. Tomorrow she'll be in a convent with her eyes out. Now what do you say?"

Harald shrugged, swept back his long mustache, and laughed.

"What's that to me, Zoe? Our last talk wasn't pleasant, to be honest about it. I was drunk. His eyes swept her admiringly. "Do you know you look the striking figure here? Now, if you were to make me emperor—but that's impossible."

"Nothing is impossible," she said, acutely. "Here, lean forward."

He obeyed. The golden rain on its woolen sling tinkled against his chain-coat; it had slipped out as he leaned over. The empress looked at it, caught her breath, and paused in the very act of slipping a graven signet ring from her finger—the signet of the empress. She bit her lip. A little convulsion took—give it to me!"

Harald tucked the coin under his mail shirt and turned to her, while the music awaked and the dancing girls postured, and the shrieks of the naked Berenice were drowned in Tartar laughter and drunken mirth around.

"Zoe, are you empress or silly tavern wench?" he rasped out. "I'm a soldier, not one of your girlish drinking Greeks. Now, do you want man's talk or not?"

"Speak," she said, a little grimly.

"I mock your habits," said Harald flatly. "You have torturers close by, killers within call, spies by the hundred in the palace and wily secret agents by the thousand. Am I interested in sharing that sort of power? Hela take it and you with it! Offer me something worth while and I'll listen. War! The ring of steel, the scarlet of action, the feel of a ship's deck, hearing the thump of marching men! I do my killing with my own hand, not through slimy eunuchs and torturers."

She seemed to thrill to the blare of his words.

"Ah, soldier!" She caught his arm suddenly. "If you were the purple Byzantium would be great once more, great as well as rich! Very well. Now tell me what you'd do if you had supreme command in the empire."

The two of them were alone, unheeded, unregarded except by the watchful archers. Harald talked. He was playing for time, now, unaware that she also was playing for time, unaware of her sly, cruel wit, unaware of the fodder brimming in her brain. As he talked, he drank and drank again. The heady wine of Chios dimmed his wisdom and loosened his tongue.

Dishes came and went. Dancers came and went, sorcerers and tumblers and wrestlers came and went again. Then, through the archway slid a nimble Greek, handing a wax tablet to the empress. She glanced at it, and her eyes lit up with venomous fire. She rose, ordered the wine-cups refilled, and was gone.

Harald looked up, suddenly startled. A squad of Greeks was coming in, men armed with shield and sword and spear. The Nubians were ordered out, the Greeks replaced them. As Harald stared, with stirrings of alarm, across the momentary hush drifted a piper far sound from the night outside. It plucked at him, brought him half erect. The raucous distant blast of Norse war horns. The signal!

Then he found the empress coming to him, laughing, pointing.

"Another gift for you, Harald! Look!"

Two men came through the curtains, bearing a great covered salver of gold. They staggered under its weight, and set it down. One of them lifted off the cover, and Harald looked at two objects lying there in a red pool: the heads of Eumarchos and of Basil the Ironmean!

With one swift spring he came to his feet. Empress Zoe had vanished. He stood for an instant, the blood rushing to his face; he knew suddenly that all was lost, that somehow he had been tricked. A sudden sharp cry rang out. The curtains parted, and through them, running, a dagger in her hand, came Elena, still in the gold mail shirt but with her purple gown half torn away from beneath it.

Harald!" Her voice leaped at him. "Where is she?"

A great hand from him. Zoe was gone. His eyes darted around. He swung like a cat, snatched his fist into the nearest Greek, seized the spear from the staggering soldier.

"Death to the Empress Zoe!" lifted the voice of Elena. She stood facing the silent, staring group of prowess and nobles. "To me, everyone!" Harald, where is Eumarchos?"

Upon the hush lifted a queer harsh sound—the laugh of the Empress Zoe. For as she looked around, Elena suddenly turned pale as death, sighting the two heads in the golden salver. Eumarchos and Basil the Ironmean remained for Berenice.

A horror seized Harald. He saw that Elena, all ignorant that the plot was known, had been allowed to come in here. He glimpsed the Greek guards moving forward to surround her, he heard the voice of Zoe giving some order. The hidden empress had outwitted them all—

LIKE a thunderbolt, Harald was in action. His great figure leaped the tables, hurtled upon the Greeks, the spear drove clear through the nearest man, and hatchanded Harald fell upon the others. Before his yelling ferocity they scattered, turned scrambled for safety in wild panic. He stooped, snatched up a fallen sword, a shout burst from him.

"Elena! After me—quick, girl, quick—"

He leaped for the entrance. Figures were there, dark figures. Arab bowmen. Harald's war-cry bellowed at them, his sword flashed. An arrow shivered against his mail shirt. Another at short range. Then he was upon them, his sword slashing down, his voice pealing in furious oaths, a figure as wild, as savagely barbaric, that the Arabs turned and scattered with wild yells of terror.

One glimpse Elena, white and desperate, was close behind. He flung a laugh at her, sighted an Arab darting in from the side toward her, whirled in mid-career and lopped sword-arm and sword from the shrieking Arab. Then on for the gates, pausing to snatch a torch from a holder and thrust it into the nearest hangings. Flames volleyed up and lit the mad ahead to the palace gates.

Greeks here, a dozen of them, trying to get the gates closed. Harald was into them with clang and clash, a spear-thrust staggered him but slid from his byrnie. His sword sheared through head and chest, was wrenched away as the man fell. Blood-spattered, he flung himself at them, and was through, with Elena at his heels.

"Liebert!" he cried to her. "All's not lost, run for it!"

He heard her gasp something, caught her hand, swung into stride with her. The streets were still dark and deserted, but trumpets were pealing from the walls, and a glare was rising from the city ahead, where the Norse war horns blared. Suddenly he felt her wrench loose from his hand, heard her swift frantic cry, and checked himself. She fell half against him.

"Harald! You—you were right—it should have been steel—like yours—"

Her head fell forward. As he held her up, blood poured out on his hands; he felt the arrow that had gone through golden mail and body together. An Arab shaft, pursuing them in the darkness, perhaps launched at random.

"Harald, my dear, my dear!" Her dying fingers clutched at him. "I'll love you always, here, on beyond, go back to—to your own people, your own throne—kiss me, Harald—"

As he kissed her, the lips under his became cold, and with a little sigh she died.

He realized it, felt the death hanging in his arms, and gently lowered her to the stones. Dead, she was dead, escaped forever—

One frightful bursting cry of grief and fury came from him. Then, with madness in his heart, he turned from the flood of soldiers pouring down the street, turned and ran for the flames in the night sky and the raucous blare of the war horns.

"AND the rest is history," said Parton, blinking at me, wiping sweat of excitement from his fat jowl. "You can read it in the sagas in the histories, how Harald and the Varangers sacked the palace, loaded their loot and the hostage Emperor into two ships, and got away. How he came back to Norway with more plunder than had ever been seen before, how he became king, how he ruled as the greatest king Norway had ever seen, how he came to conquer England and was tricked by a truce into being murdered—"

"To hell with history," I said impatiently, waving his words aside. "That gorgeous wench—my lord, man! The whole story is in her, in her death, in that savage and splendid palace scene—why, the pictures in it that you passed by! The girl Berenice and the Tartar envoy—the Venetian captains—what went on behind the curtain when Basil and Eumarchos were beheaded—"

I stopped short, looked again at the gold coin through the glass and my fingers were shaking. That glorious woman's profile—the loveliness in her face, the ache that it brought to the heart! I looked at the hole in the coin, then glanced up.

"You say this was found in Norway?" I asked.

"Yes," Parton nodded solemnly. "In an old tomb—which by common report was said to have been that of Harald Hardrede."

The End.

A Striking Old Print in Which the Artist Graphically Portrays an Assault by the Fierce and War-like Norsemen on a Fortified City.

Warriors on the Lookout for the Invading Norsemen.

Say it Today— "THIS TIME I'LL TRY IPANA!"

Do something about that dingy smile—heed that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. Give your gums, as well as your teeth, the special care they need.

IT'S A TREAT to see a girl with a glorious smile—teeth that glisten, gums that are healthy and firm! *You* want a smile like that—a brilliant, winning smile. Then remember, in these days of modern, soft foods your gums as well as your teeth need *special care.*

If your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink"—see *your dentist.* You may not be due for dental tragedy, but let him be the judge. Usually however, his advice will be simply, "Gums denied work by soft, creamy foods"—"gums that need exercise"—and as so many dentists often add, "gums that will benefit by the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Try Ipana *today.* Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Make this part of your daily dental health routine. Change to Ipana Tooth Paste *and* massage, and help improve the *brilliance*, the *sparkle* and the *gayety* of your smile!

Let Ipana, with Massage, help you to have a brilliant, sparkling smile!

CHANGE TO **Ipana** AND MASSAGE

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Smoked and Salted Fish For the Mid-Winter Diet

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

HOUSEKEEPERS would probably use fish more often, if it were not that many who live in inland communities find it difficult or impossible to secure fresh fish.

This objection may be overcome by using salted or smoked fish. In addition, such fish is concentrated in food value and particularly tasty and appealing to appetite. When we add another advantage, that of economy, it is easy to see why smoked and salt fish should be generously used in the winter diet.

The salted varieties should, of course, be given a prolonged or overnight soaking to remove excess salt and to increase freshness. However, many types of salt fish come packed in convenient, easy-to-use form, such as canned codfish flakes, canned fish cakes or balls, etc. Other fish, like fillets of salt mackerel, haddock, etc., come packed in convenient sections or portions for frying, baking and other uses.

Still another type of salt fish is the finnan-haddie (or haddock), which is smoked and sold whole. Here it is necessary to skin the fish, when it is at once ready for broiling or pan-frying into a delicious breakfast or luncheon dish. Finnan-haddie also comes in a can or in flaked form for the pantry shelf and its emergency use.

Salt herring is more generally sold whole from the keg. This is a winter fish admirably suited to combination with potatoes, crust and simple hearty dishes of very low cost. Herring also makes a good salad or a fish jelly. Soaking overnight removes the too-strong flavor and prepares it for frying or broiling.

In the varieties of smaller fish we have brisling, sardine, and anchovy, all of which are wholesome and add flavor to starchy meals. For example, a sardine rarebit is an excellent pick-up lunch for the home-maker, while sardines used with spinach and noodles form a smart dish. For the hostess who prides herself on novelty in appetizers, sardines are a stand-by in endless combinations.

The delicatessen store, which stems from a foreign influence in foods, may display other and less known salted and smoked varieties. Thus, smoked whitefish is a delicacy and a treat, and a whole meal if only a hot boiled potato be added. Smoked salmon, when sliced paper-thin, is a most appetizing filler for sandwiches, or chief ingredient in a salad of potatoes, cucumbers, etc. Another noted delicacy is smoked sturgeon, rich, oily and luscious. A very few slices of this fish go a long way when used with dark breads, pickles, cole slaw, etc.

While fish roe cannot strictly be classed as smoked or salted, nevertheless it, too, is a notably fish delicacy justifiable in the small family. And white dead roe, fresh or canned, is usually the highest in price, there are other packs of roe, such as cod roe, which are very excellent and inexpensive. Extended by fried bacon and good hashed-browned potatoes, it makes a fine Sunday breakfast.

Since the smoked fish has its own special distinctive smoked flavor, little additional seasoning is necessary. Usually the smoked fish is best cooked or prepared as plainly and simply as possible. When broiled "as is," and served with melted butter, these fish dishes are at their best.

But for the woman who does not care too much about using her broiler, it is good to note that a skillet or frying pan will approximate the broiler if properly used. Get the pan quite hot, put in a little butter, and when it is melted, lay in the fish. Cover, and cook an average of ten minutes, turning once. By cooking with a cover, the escaping steam is persuaded back onto the fish and develops a little gravy or sauce. Remove fish to very hot platter, pour over butter gravy and serve instantly.

A good fish on which to try this simple method is smoked finnan-haddie, whether in the whole or canned form. If it be served with hot mashed potato or hot boiled rice, and a cream sauce, the home-maker can be sure that she is offering a nourishing, tasty dish which husband and family enjoy. Sometimes the addition of a little curry powder seasoning to the cream sauce gives an exotic and very pleasing new flavor.

Or again, the use of cheese in the dance with fish is another trick which many women have already discovered. Prepare cheese a thin or thick white sauce in a double boiler and add to it ½ cup or so of finely cut Cheddar type cheese. When this cheese is melted, pour over cooked fish and serve. Also a cheese sauce may be used as which to bake fish fillets. Pour over fish as arranged on glass baking platter, sprinkle with crumbs, and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, until brown.

In this connection, a fish chowder must not be overlooked. In addition to the familiar clam chowder, there are several most interesting chowders made with pieces of white-meated fish, such as cod, haddock, whitefish, etc. In all such chowders, flavor is gained through use of bacon or salt pork, finely diced and rendered. Bulk is given by potatoes, crackers or cubes of toasted bread. Additional nourishment is provided by the milk, which gives the right consistency to the chowder.

Most of us particularly enjoy all chowders and often pay high prices for them when they eat in restaurants. But the same dish may be quite easily prepared at home, and in its "one-dish meal" form, saves money as well as extra serving dishes.

Another popular use for the smoked or salted fish is in the cake or patty form, fried in a skillet or cooked in deep fat. Codfish cakes are the most familiar example, but one may prepare salmon cakes, crab cakes or a mixture of any fish, blended with crumbs and seasonings. In short, the patty or fish soup be said to be an individual form of hash instead of serving the mixture in a mass it is divided individually into portions and thus gains in appearance and convenient service.

In order to anticipate difficult cold weather cracketing, it is a good plan to stock your pantry shelf with a variety of these appetizing, wholesome and economical smoked and salted fish in their various forms.

Cold Weather Fish Dishes

Planked Spanish Mackerel: Three pounds mackerel, salt, celery salt, paprika, juice of 1 lemon, ¼ cup melted butter, ½ cup American grated cheese, 3 cups seasoned mashed potatoes, 1 sliced lemon, parsley, cauliflower, buttered beets. Split mackerel down back and remove bone. Have plank very hot and well greased, and lay on fish, flesh-side up. Dust with seasonings and squeeze lemon over all. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, basting twice with melted butter. Mix half the cheese with potatoes and, with pastry tube, arrange border of potatoes around edge of plank. Sprinkle border with remaining half of cheese, and place plank under broiler flame long enough to melt the cheese and brown the potatoes. Garnish with lemon and parsley, and place cooked cauliflower and tiny buttered beets in groups around fish. Serves 4.

Curried Codfish: One-half pound codfish, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 cups milk, boiled rice. Shred fish in small pieces and soak in cold water. Melt butter in saucepan and stir in flour and curry. When smooth, add milk, stirring until thick. Add fish, heat thoroughly, and serve on platter surrounded by border of hot boiled rice.

Broiled Haddock Fillets: Spread fillet with oil or butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Sprinkle sparingly with dry bread-crumbs on both sides, and place on well-greased wire broiler. Broil till crumbs are brown, turning once. Remove to hot platter and serve with drawn butter or tartar sauce and quarter lemon.

Codfish Rarebit: One cup codfish, 3 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon onion juice, grains cayenne, 1 cup rich milk, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, toast, pimiento and parsley. Shred fish into small pieces and soak in cold water. Drain. Melt butter in double boiler, add flour, onion juice and cayenne, and mix thoroughly. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Stir in cheese and fish and cook until cheese melts. Add well-beaten egg and cook 5 minutes longer. Serve at once on hot toast and garnish with pimiento strips and parsley.

Mock Deviled Crab: One tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon salt, grains cayenne, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 can flaked fish, butter, crumbs. Mix flour with melted butter in saucepan and stir in milk. Add beaten egg, salt, cayenne, parsley and Worcestershire sauce. Add fish. Brush crab or scallop shells or small ramekins with melted butter, and fill with mixture. If shells are used, the illusion is perfect if you sprinkle with ground crumbs and dot with butter. Bake 25 minutes in a hot oven.

Herring Balls With Potatoes: Four medium-sized potatoes, 2 small sliced onions, 2 cups milk, 2 cups water, 2 salt herring, 2 slices bread, 1 well-beaten egg, parsley. Cook potatoes and onion in combined milk and water about 15 minutes. Have herring previously soaked in water about 24 hours. Drain, bone and skin. Chop finely with slices moistened bread, and stir in egg. Make this mixture into small balls and add to potatoes and onions. Cook 15 to 20 minutes longer, or until potatoes are tender. Serve at once, garnished with parsley. Serves 4.

Fish Cakes in Blankets: One can prepared codfish cakes, mashed potato, bacon strips, eggs, watercress. Thin out codfish cakes with small quantity mashed potato, and shape into cakes. Wrap bacon strip around edge of each cake and fasten with toothpick. Make depression in center of each cake and drop in egg. Place cakes in shallow pan and bake until egg is firm and bacon brown, in a hot oven or at about 400 degrees. Garnish with cress.

Baked Mackerel: One can fresh mackerel, bacon strips. Drain off liquid from fish and carefully remove bones. Flake fish. Place on greased pan, lay bacon strips on top and bake in hot oven or at about 400 degrees, till brown. Serve with lemon slices and parsley.

Bungalow Pie Layer Filling: 4 large crackers, 1 can flaked fish, 1 small chopped onion, 1 tablespoon tapioca, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 cups milk, salt, pepper, 1 egg yolk, 2 cups creamy mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt, dash pepper. Break up crackers in large pieces and mix with fish, onion, tapioca, butter, milk, salt and pepper. Place in buttered baking dish and cover with crust made by thoroughly mixing all the ingredients. Bake 30 minutes at about 375 degrees.

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Yes—Ten First Prizes—$100 Each, Given FREE
Every Day *For Six Weeks in Oxydol's*

NEW $1,000.00 A DAY CONTEST

ENTER NOW! First contest closes midnight, January 17, with another daily contest each day, except Saturday and Sunday, through February 25.

Prizes Delivered to Winners Without Cost by Fast WESTERN UNION Telegraphic Money Orders

ALL YOU DO TO ENTER IS:—

JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE:—"I consider Oxydol the *perfect* laundry soap because_____"

(Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less)

Purpose of Contest:—To Induce More Women To Try This Amazing New, "No-Scrub, No-Boil" Laundry Soap—That's Really SAFE.

Now—an utterly new and different kind of contest! One that offers *you ten chances to win each day for 6 weeks!* A *new contest* every day—except Saturdays and Sundays—three hundred chances to enter and win! Think of it! Ten $100 bills to be given free *each day* for 6 weeks. That's $1,000 every 24 hours—$30,000 in all!

What you do is simple as ABC. And will take only 5 minutes of your time. Just finish the sentence, "I consider OXYDOL the *perfect* laundry soap because . . ."—in 25 words or less.

No fancy writing or flowery language is wanted. Just a sincere, original expression of your opinion of OXYDOL. Remember a simple statement that pops into your mind as you read this announcement may be exactly the thing to win! (See examples at right.)

This Will Help You

In completing your statement remember that OXYDOL is the amazing new, "no-scrub, no-boil" soap that cost the makers of gentle Ivory soap $1,000,000 to produce. It does these 3 amazing things in a way no single soap has ever done before—

(1) Soaks out dirt in 15 minutes, without hard scrubbing or boiling. Even "grimy" spots come clean with a few quick rubs. (2) Gets white clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter as proved by scientific Tintometer tests. (3) Cuts washing time 25% to 40% in tub or machine. (4) Yet so safe that every washable color comes out sparkling, brilliant, *fresh!* OXYDOL is easy on your hands. Hands stay soft and white! OXYDOL is economical, too. A package often goes one third to one half again as far as even the latest soap flakes. And furthermore, lasts against peculiar package snapshots that only Oxydol gives 28 to 60 clear cut!

HURRY! Enter Now! . . . And As Often As You Wish

Don't forget! A new contest each day for six weeks—commencing January 17th! Ten new chances each day to win a brand new $100 bill! Start now—and enter as many times as you wish!

Remember, only five minutes of your time may win you $100—so get busy right away. Ask for OXYDOL at your dealer's. Mail your entry today! Oxydol is a product of Procter & Gamble.

TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

Read These Hints on HOW TO WIN:

[illegible]

CONTEST RULES—READ CAREFULLY

1 Simply finish the sentence, "I consider OXYDOL the *perfect* laundry soap because . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Write your entry on the blank at the right, or on a separate sheet of plain paper. Print your name and address. Also be sure to give the name and address of the dealer who sells you OXYDOL.

2 Send in as many entries as you wish, *provided each one is accompanied by OXYDOL box tops, or facsimile.* Mail your entries to OXYDOL, Box 123, Cincinnati, Ohio.

3 There are 30 separate contests—a new contest each day (except Saturdays and Sundays) from January 17 to February 25, inclusive. All entries received by Procter & Gamble on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received any time before January 17, will be entered in the January 17 contest. All entries received on Saturdays and Sundays will automatically be entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) contest on February 25 will include all entries received on that day and all entries postmarked not later than midnight of that day.

4 The ten winners of each day's contest will each receive $100. All winners will be notified by Western Union telegram and their names announced over the radio daily, beginning Monday, January 24, on both the OXYDOL "MA PERKINS" program and "THE GOLDBERGS" program.

5 All entries will be judged on the basis of sincerity, cleverness, and particularly originality. Penmanship and facts entered do not count extra. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. No entries will be returned. All entries, ideas and contents thereof become the property of Procter & Gamble.

6 Anyone may enter these contests except employees of Procter & Gamble and of their advertising agencies and the families of these employees. These contests apply only to the United States, Canada, Hawaii and are subject to all Federal, state and local laws and regulations.

LAST (30th) CONTEST CLOSES AT 12 MIDNIGHT, FEBRUARY 25, 1938

TUNE IN "Ma Perkins" or "The Goldbergs" for further details regarding this amazing $1,000 A Day Contest. See your local paper for exact time of broadcast of these two outstanding radio programs!

ENTRY BLANK 25 Words Written Here May Bring You $100! Do It Now!

*"I consider Oxydol the perfect laundry soap because*_____

_____

_____"

(Complete the above sentence in 25 additional words or less)

OXYDOL, Box 123, Cincinnati, Ohio

Gentlemen: On this entry blank, I have completed the sentence which begins "I consider OXYDOL the *perfect* laundry soap because . . ." I am enclosing an OXYDOL box top (or facsimile).

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Name and address of dealer from whom I purchased OXYDOL

_____

_____

Old Man River

By Capt. Louis Rosche

(Continued from Page 22)

to be anything he couldn't do. He was a good farmer, too, and had one of the best places in that district. On top of that, he knew how to handle men, and he had confederates scattered all through the Middlewest, hundreds of them, I guess.

The farmers in his neighborhood knew he was a crook, but they let him live there because he used to lend them money when their crops wasn't doing well, but it was good money, not the stuff he made in his farmhouse. One reason the Government never caught up with him was because he wouldn't let his confederates pass any of the bad money in Illinois or Ohio. They had to do it away off where it would be hard to trace to him.

But I reckon he finally got too big for his breeches, at last, and started making the farmers mad by ordering them around and herding it over them, like he owned the whole country. Then he made the mistake of bringing in some of his outfit, and building houses for them, not far away, so he could call them over to his place any time he might need them, by blowing a horn. But they were a rough lot, and right away they got on trouble with some of the young girls in the neighborhood. So one night the farmers held a meeting, and sent Sturdevant notice that if he and his crowd didn't clear out within a week they would be tarred and feathered and ridden out on rails. They took the hint all right, and I don't know what became of them after that.

Next Sunday I will tell about some of the famous gamblers who plied their trade in the old river steamboats.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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First prize winners announced each month in this publication.

Pies You Will Like

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

BY CAREFUL selection of materials and careful preparation of those materials, many delicious pies can be made that are palatable, nourishing and entirely digestible. A disagreeable, heavy, underdone lower crust is unnecessary. Greasy or too high-seasoned pies are objectionable also. With our modern cooking materials and devices, pies can be prepared by even the inexperienced housewife, with a minimum of waste and a maximum of satisfaction to all concerned. Today, housewives who turn out lumpy, indigestible pies must blame themselves, not their materials.

Pastry flour made from winter wheat is excellent for pies and pastries. Flour, fat and liquid should be cold, ice-water giving excellent results. A two-crust pie should have the lower crust brushed with slightly-beaten egg white diluted with 1 tablespoon water and then placed in the oven a moment to coagulate the egg, so that the filling will not soak into the crust. Two-crust fruit pies should be baked in a quick oven, or at about 425 degrees, for 10 minutes, and then in a moderate oven, or at 350 degrees, until done.

Pastry shells are baked in a quick oven, or at 450 degrees, for 10 minutes, reducing temperature then. Pies with a custard filling are baked at 450 degrees for 10 minutes, reducing temperature to about 300, or slow oven, until custard is set. Meringues are baked in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, until delicately browned and firm.

Plain Pastry.

MIX and sift 1½ cups flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Cut in ½ cup of fat, having pieces of fat about the size of peas. Add ¼ to ⅓ cup ice-water gradually, stirring with a knife or spoon. Toss out on a floured board and roll lightly, with a stroke from the center outward. Do not turn pastry over and do not press out air by rolling back-and-forth. The less the dough is handled, the more tender the pastry will be.

Apple Pie.

LINE a pie plate with pastry. Pare, core and slice 5 sour apples. Place in pastry-lined plate. Mix ½ cup sugar, a few grains nutmeg, a few grains salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and grating of lemon rind and sprinkle over the apples. Dot with 2 or 3 tablespoons butter. Wet edges of under crust with cold water, cover with upper crust and press together. With tines of fork or pastry-decorator, decorate rim as desired. Bake as directed.

Sweet Potato Pie.

HAVE ready a pastry-lined pie plate. To 1 cup mashed sweet potato add ¼ cup sugar, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon butter, a grating of lemon or orange rind and 1 cup rich milk. Mix well and pour into pastry-lined pie plate. Bake as directed.

Butterscotch Pie.

HAVE ready a baked pastry shell. Mix 1½ cups light brown sugar, 3 beaten egg yolks and 1 pint milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until creamy and thick. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla and ¼ cup butter. Turn into the baked shell. Cover with meringue made by beating 3 egg whites until stiff, adding 6 tablespoons powdered sugar gradually. Bake in a slow oven, or at 300 degrees, until delicately browned and firm.

Apple Custard Pie.

HAVE ready a pastry-lined pie plate. Thinly slice 6 apples. Add ⅔ cup of sugar, a few grains nutmeg and the juice of ½ lemon. Turn into the pastry-lined pan. Mix 2 slightly-beaten egg yolks with 1 cup rich milk and pour over the apples. Bake about ½ hour. Just before the apples are tender and the custard is set, cover with a meringue made by beating 2 egg whites, gradually adding 4 tablespoons sugar. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, until delicately browned.

Cream Pie.

HAVE ready a baked pie shell. Mix ¾ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons flour. Beat 2 egg yolks slightly, add 1 pint rich milk and add to the dry ingredients. Cook over hot water until thick, stirring constantly. A cup of grated cocoanut may be added. Turn into the baked pie shell. Flavor as desired. Cover with meringue made with 2 egg whites beaten with 4 tablespoons sugar. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, until delicately browned and firm.

New England Lemon Pie
(By Request).

MIX 2 tablespoons cooking cornstarch, 1 tablespoon flour and 1½ cups sugar. Add 2 cups boiling water and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Cook over hot water 2 minutes. Mix 4 beaten egg yolks, grated rind of 2 lemons, 1 tablespoon butter and about ½ cup lemon juice and stir into the hot mixture. Cook over hot water 10 minutes, stirring constantly until egg is cooked. Turn into a baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made as follows: Beat 7 egg whites until stiff. Add 12 or 14 tablespoons sugar gradually, beating until well blended. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, until meringue is firm and delicately browned.

Egg Custard.

HAVE ready a pastry-lined pie plate. Beat 2 eggs, add 3 tablespoons sugar, a few grains salt, 1 pint rich milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla and, if desired, a grating of nutmeg. Strain into the pastry-lined pan. Bake as directed.

Lemon Pie.

HAVE ready a baked pie shell. Beat 4 egg yolks, add 1 cup sugar sifted with 3 tablespoons flour and blend well. Heat 1 cup water with 2½ tablespoons butter in top of double boiler, add gradually to the sugar and egg mixture and stir constantly until creamy and thick. Add the grated rind and juice of 2 lemons. Pour into the baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made of 4 egg whites beaten with 8 tablespoons powdered sugar. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 degrees, until delicately browned.

Eggless Orange Pie
(By Request).

HAVE ready a pie plate lined with pastry. Scald 1 cup rich milk. Mix ¼ cup cold milk with ¼ cup of flour and add to the scalded milk, stirring constantly until creamy and thick. Add 1½ cups sugar, ¼ cup orange juice and, if desired, the grated rind of ¼ orange. Turn into the pastry-lined pan. Bake until set. Cover with meringue made by beating 3 egg whites with 6 tablespoons powdered sugar. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 350 degrees, until delicately brown and firm.

Chocolate Cream Pie.

HAVE ready 1 baked pie shell. Add 3 ounces unsweetened chocolate to 2½ cups milk and heat over hot water. When chocolate is melted, beat until well blended. Combine 1 cup sugar, 6 tablespoons flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Add gradually to chocolate mixture and cook constantly until thick and creamy. Cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add 2 slightly-beaten egg yolks mixed with a little of hot custard. Stir until well set. Add 2 tablespoons butter and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool slightly. Turn into the pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating 2 egg whites adding 4 tablespoons sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, until delicately brown and firm.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Orange and Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Mashed Potato Omelet, Bacon, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Chopping John, Green Bouquet Salad, Cornbread Sticks, Apple Pie, Tea. *Dinner* Cream of Onion Soup, Baked Hash (Left-Over), Baked Potatoes, Asparagus, Fruit Salad, French Dressing, Steamed Individual Raisin Puddings with Lemon Sauce.	*Breakfast* Prunes, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Creole Shrimp and Rice, Green Beans, Ice-Box Rolls, Pineapple Jelly Salad, Salad Dressing, Tea. *Dinner* Veal Cutlets a la Maryland, Buttered Noodles, Buttered Brussels Sprouts, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Celery Surprise, Fruit Rennet Custard, Macaroons.	*Breakfast* Apple Sauce, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee. Substitute *Luncheon* Cheese Loaf, Apple, Nut and Banana Salad, Swedish Rolls, Marshmallow Gingerbread, Tea. *Dinner* Beef Brisket with Lima Beans and Rice, Ten-Minute Cabbage or Mustard Greens, Green Tomato Pickles, Cheese and Chinese Cabbage Salad, Savory French Dressing, Snowballs with Fruit Sauce.	*Breakfast* Sliced Pineapple, Whole Grain Cereal, Buttered Muffins, Stewed Fruit, Coffee. *Luncheon* Tamale Pie, Fruit Salad, Cooked Dressing, Date Bars, Tea with Lemon. *Dinner* Baked Stuffed Beef Heart with Vegetables, Brown Gravy, Broiled Peach Halves or Steamed Dried Fruit, Raw Cauliflower Salad, Salad Dressing, Steamed Suet Pudding with Spice Sauce.	*Breakfast* Sliced Bananas with Fruit Juice, Cereal, Broiled Smoked Salmon, Reheated Philadelphia Buns, Butter, Coffee. *Luncheon* Hot Potato Salad, French-Fried Stuffed Eggs, Tomato Ice-Box Rolls, Baked Apples with Cranberries, Tea. *Dinner* Raw Cauliflower Salad, Plain Crackers, Chiffonade Green Salad, Lemon Pie or Upside-Down Pineapple Cake.	*Breakfast* Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Bread Crumb Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Boston Baked Beans, Hot Raisin Brown Bread, Mixed Fruit Salad, Cream Cheese Dressing, Cocoa. *Dinner* Grapefruit Cup, New Orleans Chicken Stew, Cranberry Jelly with Broccoli, Pineapple, Caramel Pudding	*Breakfast* Canned Fruit, Cereal, Stirred Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee Substitute *Dinner* Economy Hors d'Oeuvres, Plenked Beef Loaf, Browned Potatoes, Green Peas, Glazed Carrots or Onions, Green Bouquet Salad with Sliced Radishes, Fruit Ice-Box Cake, Coffee. *Supper* Bean Soup, Croutons, Asparagus with Hot Cheese Sauce, Bread, Stewed Apples Mixed Cookies, Cocoa.

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There are but a few of many thousands we need. If any of these books, or others you have classed not listed, but going to the attic, cellar or storeroom, send us list of books, every book, title, name, author, date, etc., $1.00, $50, $100, $500 or more $ each. Don't delay. Write today. Don't send books.

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Pattern 3770 THE FOUNDATION OF YOUR SPRING CHIC—THIS SMOOTH-FITTING SLIP WITH BRASSIERE-EFFECT TOP. Designed for misses and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3803 YOU'LL LOOK YOUR VERY BEST IN THIS SLIMMING SHIRTWAISTER THAT BOASTS A BECOMING BIG-BAC TRIMMED COLLAR. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch fabric and ¾ yard ric-rac.

Pattern 3768 MAKE LITTLE MARYANN A VERSATILE JUMPER FROCK THAT INVITES A GAY VARIETY OF BLOUSES. Designed for children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 8, View A, jumper, requires 1⅞ yards 39-inch fabric; blouse, 1¼ yards and 1⅜ yards ½-inch ribbon.

Pattern 3802 ON IN A JIFFY OFF IN A JIFFY—THIS DAINTY COAT FROCK OR GRACEFUL PRINCESS LINES. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch fabric and 1⅜ yards cuffing.

Pattern 3801 MAKE READY FOR YOUR "SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING" BY STITCHING UP THIS PRACTICAL APRON PAIR. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 1⅞ yards 36-inch fabric for each apron; View A, ⅝ yards ric-rac and B, 2¾ yards cuffing.

Pattern 3808 AT THE TIP OF YOUR CROCHET-HOOK—A COLORFUL RUG COMPOSED OF EASY-TO-COMBINE MEDALLIONS. Pattern 3808 gives full instructions for making the rug, an illustration of it and of all stitches needed, color suggestions, materials required.

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Do Fish Think Like Human Beings?

(Continued from Page 5)

mind. The very times when it appears to be lost in deep thought are those when it is hardly conscious at all. When one is lazily floating in the aquarium or at the bottom of a pool, Professor Gray believes the creature is be little more than an automaton. "We can," he says, "describe a very large number of a fish's movements as rigid reflexes."

When a fish sees the bottom of the stream moving past him, it means that he is drifting down stream and he corrects it with a few gentle waves of the tail. That the fish under such circumstances is paying no attention to what he is doing has been proved experimentally.

Professor Gray points out that if a cardboard strip with transverse lines on it is stretched beneath the glass bottom of a tank and slowly moved forward, the fish gives the same reaction as when the bottom of a stream seems to move. He puts on enough power to keep even with the lines until finally, to his quite evident surprise, his nose runs into the glass end of the tank.

Yet who knows that during these times fish are not indulging in reveries of the past? The brain of an eel or a salmon must be a treasure house of exciting memories and any fish that has managed to escape the perils of childhood in the baffle fountains must have had some adventures than ever befell Marco Polo.

EVER HAD CHICKEN CROQUETTES THAT TASTED LIKE
CHICKEN A LA KING?
HERE'S THE RECIPE AND YOU'LL LOVE IT!
THEY'RE LIGHT, EASY DIGESTIBLE
FRIED IN Spry
NO SWEATY KITCHEN EITHER
AND LOOK AT THAT GOLDEN BROWN Spry MAKES 'EM!
Spry

CHICKEN KING CROQUETTES
New, delicious, easy to digest

4 tablespoons Spry
4 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup canned chicken soup or milk
2 cups cooked chicken, cut in small pieces
2 tablespoons pimentos, chopped
½ cup rolled bread crumbs
2 eggs, slightly beaten with 2 tablespoons water

Melt Spry in saucepan. Add flour, salt, and pepper and blend. Add chicken soup or milk and cook until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire. Add chickens and pimentos and blend well. Spread out in shallow pan, chill until stiff.

Cut into croquettes with 2½-inch biscuit cutter. Roll in crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs. Fry in hot Spry (375° F.) 1 inch deep or in frying basket until golden brown. No smoke or unpleasant odor when you fry with Spry. Drain on absorbent paper. Serve hot, crisp and tender. If these croquettes are, And like all foods fried in Spry, they're so digestible. Serve with mushroom sauce. Serves 6 to 8.

(All measurements in this recipe are level)

(Clip and save this Spry recipe)

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DIGESTIBLE and doubly delicious, crisp, golden, tender, delicate. Just try these wonderful Chicken King Croquettes and see. Spry is marvelous for baking, too. Blends like magic, cuts cake-mixing time in half. Gives the lightest, best-tasting cakes ever for less money. Bakes pastry, too. Spry is All-vegetable, purer, whiter, smoother, stays fresh right on the pantry shelf. Get Spry from your grocer today. Get the big tin, can and save money!

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IT'S great when you step in and find this stunning Buick SPECIAL so roomy and spacious and solid underneath you—even though the very look of it had tipped you off to that!

It's great when you put foot to treadle and feel a smooth and silent rush of power that thrills you to the core—this big honey has a 107 horsepower DYNAFLASH engine, and that's the biggest engine news of a generation.

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